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[ONE PENNY.]

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

PEACE is practically concluded between America and Spain; but there still remain the pacification and good government of Cuba to be secured, and the still more difficult question of the Philippines. While we must be thankful that the actual conflict between two nations is over, the dreadful consequences of war cannot be so ended, and for many months to come, these will continue in both countries to be acutely felt. Whether war could have been prevented in this instance it is too late to ask; but this fresh experience of what modern warfare means must add a great impulse to the movement which makes for self-control in international disputes and the assertion of moral force, wherever practicable, by means of arbitration.

WE hear constantly of the conflict of interests between this country and Russia in the Far East, and it is almost universally taken for granted that there can be no mutual understanding, no confidence, no concession on either side that is not forced. At present, we are told, it is a war of diplomacy, but if either country saw its interest that way, and dared the tremendous venture, it would be the war of "blood and iron." It is a humiliating confession that in the movements of nations the Beast in man is not yet controlled by the Prince of Peace.

A MEMORIAL to Lord Salisbury on the subject of the new Naval Programme and Mr. Goschen's speech is being promoted by the International Arbitration Association. The memorial deprecates

both the tone and substance of Mr. Goschen's declaration, and especially the pointed allusion to Russia, and protests against the official adoption of the doctrine of retaliation and competition in armaments. The memorial then proceeds :—"As a free and constitutional nation we must stand or fall by our policy; an overwhelming navy settles nothing permanently. The hope for the continued safety and prosperity of this country lies not in any appeal to brute force but in the steady pursuit of the peaceful arts and industries, in a conciliatory statesmanship, and in the extended practice of international consultation. Your Memorialists would therefore respectfully suggest that until an attempt has been made by conference to settle peacefully the rival claims to spheres of influence in China, and until diplomatic tentatives for a general truce of armaments have been made, and have failed, there can be no moral or political justification for further warlike threats and preparations. They therefore pray that your lordship will take an early opportunity of again publicly expressing the goodwill of the British people toward the peoples of Europe, and of your desire to accomplish a peaceful settlement of outstanding difficulties." Copies of the memorial for signature may be obtained from Mr. J. F. Green, International Arbitration Association, 40, Outer Temple, W.C.; Dr. Evans Darby, Peace Society, 47, New Broad-street, E.C.; or Mr. G. H. Perris, Increased Armaments Protest Committee, Lucien-road, Tooting, S.W.—to whom also the signed forms should be returned without delay.

A USEFUL pamphlet has been issued by the Liberation Society, with the title "Mr. Gladstone and Religious Equality." A brief description is given of the great leader's connection with all the chief movements making for religious equality and justice, after the abandonment of his early position, as stated, in 1838, in the essay on "The State in its Relations with the Church." The opening of the old Universities to Dissenters, the Elementary Education Act of 1870, the abolition of compulsory Church rates, the Burials' Bill, the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the question of the Parliamentary Oath, and the proposed disestablishment of the Scottish and Welsh Churches, are dealt with in turn, and it is shown how greatly the Church has been strengthened by disestablishment, carrying with it the necessity of greater voluntary support, not only in Ireland but in the Colonies. While to the last a convinced and ardent Churchman, Mr. Gladstone could not fail to note the difference of attitude in the great body of Churchmen and of Dissenters towards the questions of justice and

humanity with which he was latterly concerned, and in consequence to draw conclusions as to the value of the voluntary principle in Church life.

THE Centenary of Richard Rothe's birth is to be celebrated at Heidelberg next January by a festival in the University which was the scene of his chief activity as a teacher, and, it is hoped, by securing a marble bust as a permanent memorial. Many of our readers may first have seen the name of Rothe on the title-page of Dr. Martineau's "Hours of Thought," where in both volumes a quotation is printed from the "Stille Stunden," a collection of aphorisms published after Rothe's death in 1867. He was a theologian of independent mind and beautiful religious nature and spiritual power. A native of Posen, he studied at Heidelberg and Berlin, and in 1823 went to Rome as chaplain to Bunsen's Embassy. His first appointment as theological professor was at Wittenberg, and he was also at Bonn; but from 1837-49 and again from 1854 to the time of his death he was at Heidelberg. His great work on "Theological Ethics" was published 1845-48. The appeal for a worthy celebration of his centenary speaks of his great services to theological learning, and the stimulus that is still found in his writings, in which the inwardness of religious life and moral energy are strikingly united. He is to be honoured among the chief of those who have proved that freedom of scientific pursuit may go hand in hand with the profoundest Christian piety. The movement for this celebration is under the patronage of the Grand Duke of Baden, and is supported among many distinguished theologians by Dr. Pfeiderer, of Berlin, and Dr. Auguste Sabatier, of Paris. The treasurer of the fund, which the Committee desire to close in the present month, is Dr. jur. Johs. Weber, 2, Ziegelhäuser Landstrasse, Heidelberg.

WE gather from an article in the *Girolamo Savonarola*, published in Piacenza, of which Professor Bracciforti has sent us a translation, that an association is about to be formed in Rome with the name "Unione Savonarola," the aim of which will be to encourage strong-minded, independent Catholic priests to carry on and complete the work of the great Dominican apostle and martyr. The watchword of the union is liberty for Catholic priests from the tyranny of higher ecclesiastics, from the bishop to the Pope. An appeal is to be addressed to other Churches also, that all who are Christians may join in this effort to bring back the Roman clergy to the spirit of the early Church. It is also reported that Don Paolo Miraglia, the bishop-elect in

Piacenza, is to be Chairman of the Committee.

"Rome the Capital of Italy" is the third of the series of the Rev. C. Hargrove's "Lessons from Rome for Use in England," in the August *Mill Hill Pulpit*. The high hopes which gathered about liberated Italy have met with bitter disappointment, and yet if the prophets of despair could be sent back to live for a month under the old régime they would know what real progress has been made. But the present corruption of civic life, and the consequent terrible burden of taxation, inevitably bring misery upon the people. Liberty, education, progress are not sufficient for salvation: "they are of no avail without inward reform; it is well to improve the conditions of life, but it is the life itself which most needs improvement."

"The great misfortune of Italy has been the loss of an ideal, of something worth living and dying for. Up to 1870 the best and noblest of Italians found that ideal in Italy—Italy which did not yet exist but whose coming they watched for, and prepared the way for by willing suffering and toil. She came, one and free, and took her seat amid the world's acclamations, on the throne of the Imperial City. Then—what more was there to hope for or to sacrifice for? 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!' said too many. So there followed disenchantment and regret, for 'man cannot live by bread alone,' even if bread be plentiful—and what if it be scarce?"

"No! let Italy learn, let England, the lesson of our time! Faith, and love, and duty, these are the Gospel, the only good news to the nations. These lost, we are lost indeed, even though wealth increase and all government be by the people and for the people, and knowledge be multiplied and abound; for neither 'a man's life,' nor a nation's, 'consisteth in the abundance of things.'"

MR. DUKINFELD ASTLEY, hon. secretary of the British Archaeological Association, describes in the *Athenæum* of August 6 a very interesting discovery made at Todmorden, in Yorkshire. A circle of earth popularly called the "Frying-pan," and often spoken of as a Roman camp, has been more carefully examined, and excavations have proved it to be a pre-historic burial-place. The circle is nearly perfect, with a diameter of thirty yards, the rim of raised earth being about 3 ft. wide. In the centre of the circle a beautiful urn was found, embedded in charcoal and calcined bones. About 10 in. high, 9 in. wide at the top, tapering to 4 in. wide at the bottom, there is a rim about the upper part, ornamented in herring-bone pattern, probably by a pointed stick. Two smaller urns of inferior clay and differently ornamented were also found, and the crumbled dust of a third, and also two small so-called "incense cups" about 3 in. in diameter, and remains of three others, arranged about the large central urn. Calcined human bones in this prove it to be a place of burial belonging to a time when cremation was practised. And as pieces of flint were also dug up, and thousands of flint implements have previously been discovered on the moorlands about Todmorden, it was at first suggested that the remains belonged to the Later Stone Age. But subsequently, when one of the intact urns was opened a small cup was discovered, and in it a piece

of metal $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. long and $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide, at one end tapering to a point, and also a bronze pin, evidently belonging to it. With these were a dozen beads, some jet, and a bone pin, mingled with the calcined bone and charcoal. The remains, therefore, must have belonged to the Bronze Age, and the previous conclusions of archaeology are not disturbed—that in the Later Stone Age burial was practised and in the Bronze Age cremation.

MANY tributes have been paid to the memory of the late Principal Caird, of Glasgow. The *Spectator* speaks of John and Edward Caird as the most striking intellects Scotland has brought forth in our century, and adds that the Scotland of the Cairds seems to be separated by a great gulf from the earlier Scotland of the previous hundred years. Under the inspiration of Hegel, they have given a new tone to the philosophic thinking of their people, with the purpose of showing that Christianity itself is the religion of reason:—

For a generation John and Edward Caird had under their hands the intellectual and theological training of the youth who were to pass into the pulpits of the Established, Free, and United Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, and they imbued the minds of these nascent Scottish pastors with a reasonable and philosophic Christianity which has powerfully affected Scotland, and through Scotland, the whole English-speaking world. Scepticism and "common-sense" are to-day eliminated from the philosophic claims of the Scottish Universities, where are seated the pupils of the Cairds; and while, perhaps, orthodoxy may be said to survive in the pulpits of Scotland, it is orthodoxy of a new type, consistent with freedom of criticism and with brighter hopes as to the destiny of man than those furnished by Knox and Calvin. To produce such a silent revolution in thought, to inspire and to mould the minds of the teachers and preachers of a nation,—is not that as great a task as can be given to any men? And that was the task of the lamented divine whom Scotland has lost.

There can be no question as to the liberalising and liberating influence of the Cairds, and an unhesitating tribute of honour and admiration may be rendered even by those who are by no means satisfied that Hegelian idealism can render a true account of the spiritual nature of man, or furnish a convincing philosophy of religion.

ONE who came under the influence of Principal Caird at Glasgow—the Rev. A. C. Henderson, B.D.—in a memorial sermon at Paisley, spoke of him as follows:—

He was gifted with the prophetic vision, which enabled him to take a broad and comprehensive survey of the universe, and to see far beyond the immediate horizon by which he was surrounded. He possessed, likewise, in no small degree, the courage of his convictions, which led him frequently to proclaim the most liberal opinions in presence of assemblages which were only partially in favour of such views. I shall never forget how, upon one occasion he denounced the doctrine of Substitution, before the University of Glasgow—and that, too, in the most emphatic terms—pointing out the utter absurdity of imagining that the merits of a good life could be handed over from one person to another. But his sympathy with advanced theology was not confined to mere isolated instances; it could be felt and seen in all his lectures and discourses, his speeches and his published works. He could not open his mouth without revealing it. It was like a fragrant odour, which could not be concealed. By his departure, the broad and rational party in the Church of Scotland have sustained a heavy blow.

THE Rev. J. E. C. Weldon, M.A., headmaster of Harrow, has been appointed Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan Bishop in India and Ceylon, in succession to Bishop Johnson, who has resigned on grounds of health. Mr. Weldon was born at Tonbridge in 1854, and educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. In 1883 he was appointed Master of Dulwich College, and two years later removed to Harrow. He is the author of a translation of the "Politics" of Aristotle and of an edition of the "Rhetoric" and the "Nichomachean Ethics," as well as of several volumes of sermons. His latest publication is an essay on "The Hope of Immortality," which will shortly be noticed more fully in these columns.

THE *Dundee Advertiser* of July 22 gives a full report of a lecture delivered in the Assembly Rooms of that city by Mr. Promotho loll Sen, on the origin and aims of the Brahmo Somaj of India. The chair was taken by Sir John Leng, M.P. Mr. Sen began with a reference to Emerson's famous Divinity School Address, in July 1838, and said that in November of that year a man was born in India who answered to the demand Emerson had made for a teacher who should show "that God is, not was; that He speaketh, not spake." That man was Keshub Chunder Sen, who following the Rajah Rammohan Roy, the founder of the Brahmo Somaj, did so great a work for the spiritual enlightenment of India. After giving an account of the life and writings of these two remarkable men, the lecturer spoke of the present Brahmo missionaries, of their moral, social, intellectual and spiritual influence, and their charitable work. They adopted the principle of absolute dependence upon God and apostolic faith, not providing for the morrow, and working not for money, but for the service of God. In the words of Keshub Chunder Sen, they believed in universal brotherhood, and did not recognise caste; they valued and accepted truth in all sects and in all Scriptures, and were above the sin of sectarianism; they believed in all the dispensations of God, and in all the prophets and saints through whom He had spoken at sundry times.

It was with great regret that Mr. A. M. Bose, M.A., was prevented by a sharp attack of rheumatism from speaking at Highgate, as he had intended, on the further help that our people may give to the Brahmo Somaj movement in India. We are glad to know that Mr. Bose is making good progress, and that he is not likely to be prevented from starting on his homeward journey on Wednesday.

THE Liverpool Booksellers' Company (Limited), which was formed some little time ago with the object of establishing a first-class bookseller's shop, in which the publications of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association and of the Sunday School Association should be always kept in stock and be prominently brought before the attention of the public, has now secured capital premises in Lord-street, and will shortly begin business. Mr. W. H. Greenwood, well known for some years at the south end of the city, where he established a successful business of his own, has been appointed manager.

JOHN WESLEY'S LIFE AND JOURNAL.—II.

In theological matters Wesleyanism has always remained substantially as Wesley defined it in his authoritative works, and as it was accepted by the first small Conference in 1744. The government of the denomination ecclesiastically has altered as little as the theology. It started as the absolute rule of one man, a good man beyond all question, whose sole object was the saving of souls, and his regulations were positive laws to keep his converted followers straight in the way in which they had begun to walk. Later times have neither officially changed the theology nor repealed any of the regulations, although practically among modern Wesleyans there is much more freedom in social customs than the early Conferences would approve of, and as for the theology Wesley himself became a generous Latitudinarian in the ripeness of old age. This Latitudinarianism, however, found no place in the recognised standards of the Church, and so modern Wesleyans sometimes betray a narrowness utterly unknown to the catholic soul of their great founder.

To the close of his days he continued a clergyman of the Church of England, and maintained that all his doctrines were a faithful transcript of the Prayer-Book, and indeed the Creeds and the Thirty-Nine Articles, in other words. There is, therefore, nothing novel in his theology. The novelty is in method, and the earnest application of doctrine to life. The following conclusions may be gathered from his published works, and they are repeated in many ways. Some of them are forcibly and clearly put. They almost constitute what might be called a summary of orthodox Christianity. "The Law of God is supreme, unchangeable reason; it is unalterable rectitude; it is the everlasting fitness of all things that are, or ever were, created." "As subjects of law intelligent beings must have moral freedom, otherwise they could not be moral agents. For this end God endowed them with understanding to discern truth from falsehood, good from evil, and, as a necessary result of this, with liberty—a capacity of choosing the one and refusing the other. By this they were likewise enabled to offer him a free and willing service—a service rewardable in itself, as well as most acceptable to their gracious Master." "This law reigns among the sons of light in higher worlds, and it was the government of unfallen man in Paradise."

But the Fall made immense changes in the application of the law. All mankind became spiritually depraved in Adam. They receive such Divine aid as is necessary for responsibility. They have good in them, though it is not from themselves. All who die in infancy, all idiots, or other irresponsible persons are provided for by the Atonement—the essential condition of the new moral economy of the fallen world. All heathen will be judged under that gracious economy according to the light they have, all responsible sinners who repent and receive the Atonement will be pardoned, and if faithful to the end will be saved. In the personal experience of the great salvation there are three stages: Justification, wherein God, through the Atonement, regards sinners as no longer guilty; Regeneration, wherein they pass from death to life; and Sanctifi-

cation, wherein spiritual perfection is attained. Testimony to the reality of all these is borne by the witness of the Spirit, or in the inward assurance that the thing is really so. This theology, together with the Arminian doctrine of Universal Redemption, constituted the power of Wesleyanism, accompanied, of course, by the various dogmas of Protestantism. It may be noted, however, that when Wesley compiled a liturgy for his American followers he left out all creeds except the Apostles', and, although he did not hesitate to repeat the others in his own public services, yet he compiled no official liturgy for his English adherents.

The Universal Redemption of Arminianism as distinct from the Predestination of Calvinism led to some grave differences between himself and Whitefield. It led to worse between him and Toplady, author of the famous "Rock of ages, cleft for me." The cleft was not wide enough to take Wesley in. Unhappily, Wesley repudiated in bad language, and for both their sakes we leave the quarrel as it was. By Universal Redemption it was meant that Christ made an atonement for the sins of all men, so that all men might be saved if they would. On the other hand, Predestination of Calvinism meant that the atonement was only made for a certain number who were called the elect, and the rest were cast out or passed by. Poor Cowper considered himself one of this second sort. His beautiful hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way," written when he was in an Arminian mood, is in startling contrast with the heart-rending poem of the "Castaway," written when Calvinism overpowered him. If Universal Redemption be taken in connection with eternal punishment, there does not seem to be much distinction between it and Calvinistic Predestination. The first foresees damnation and lets it come to pass; the second decrees damnation. But damnation itself is all the same whether it be allowed or decreed, so far as the damned are concerned. The offer of salvation by Whitefield, Toplady, and the Calvinists was a mere dramatic display with no reality behind it, because God had already fixed that only a certain number could possibly accept the offer. The Arminian offer was rather better, but not much. All might accept it, yet it was known beforehand that many would not. Practically between could not and would not there is only the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. Wesley himself was frequently extravagant in denunciation of the so-called sinners who rejected the grace which God offered them, and some of his lay preachers went to still wilder extremes. When the love of God and the hope of heaven failed to win wanderers into the saving way the preachers had no scruples about frightening them by the wrath of an offended Deity and the terrors of an endless hell, and the records of the early years of Wesleyanism abound with records of spiritual awakenings of both sorts. But, on the whole, the love of God in pardoning men through the atoning death of His own Son was the predominant burden of sermons and prayers and hymns. It melted the hearts and drew tears from the eyes, and turned congregations in chapels and market places and fields into rejoicing believers that the mercy of God had found them out, and clothed them with the righteousness of Christ, and re-opened

the gates of heaven which sin had closed. A genuine Christian life was frequently the result of this version of Christian preaching. Notwithstanding the terrors of the Lord which were so powerful among the rude miners of Cornwall, there was a pathos in Wesley himself and in the sweet persuasiveness of his talk more powerful still. People judged the goodness of God by the tender-heartedness and the self-sacrificing labours of his messenger, and they loved Christ and the Father of Christ because they loved John Wesley, and so they were slowly saved, and justification, regeneration, and sanctification were by degrees accomplished in them.

In later life the Eternal Punishment which Arminianism implies seems to have been given up by Wesley, and it is, perhaps, a doubtful matter whether it was ever anything more with him than a dogma which he inherited from his Church of England training, and never carefully examined till he was an old man, when he looked at it in the light of the possibilities of humanity and the boundless love of God. Then universal redemption in words became universal in reality and deed.

He trusted the larger hope. In spite, therefore, of his own orthodox opinions on points of doctrine, such as the Trinity, he declined to exclude Unitarians from God's Church, however they might be excluded from human Churches which took the name of God in vain. Thus, he published a life of Thomas Firmin, and hoped that Methodists would try to be as good. In the preface to the life in the *Arminian Magazine*, he says:—"I was exceedingly struck at reading the following life, having long settled it in my mind that the entertaining wrong notions concerning the Trinity was inconsistent with real piety. But I cannot argue against matter of fact. I dare not deny that Mr. Firmin was a pious man, although his notions of the Trinity were quite erroneous." In the same catholic spirit he calls Pelagius a wise and holy man; says the demon of Socrates was a ministering angel; and has no doubt that Marcus Antoninus is one of those many who shall come from the East and the West, and sits down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. He says:—"What an amazing difference there is between one born and bred up in a pious English family, and one born and bred among the Hottentots! Only we are sure the difference cannot be so great as to necessitate one to be good, or the other to be evil; to force one into everlasting glory, or the other into everlasting burnings. As a Governor the Almighty cannot possibly act according to His own mere Sovereign Will, but according to the invariable rules both of justice and mercy. Whatsoever, therefore, it hath pleased Him to do of His Sovereign pleasure as Creator, He will judge the world in righteousness, and every man therein according to the strictest justice. He will punish no man for doing anything which he could not possibly avoid, neither for omitting anything which he could not possibly do." Occasionally, in the heat of controversy, he was tempted to ignore his natural large-heartedness. In some Minutes of Conference, in answer to the question, Can an unbeliever, whatever he be in other respects, challenge anything of God's justice? the answer is, "Absolutely nothing but hell." Finally, he rested in the better opinion. Alluding to the custom of some persons who condemned

others on account of their opinions irrespective of conduct, he said: "I have no more right to object to a man for holding a different opinion from me than I have to differ with a man because he wears a wig and I wear my own hair; but if he takes his wig off, and begins to shake the powder about my eyes, I shall consider it my duty to get rid of him as soon as possible." "I will not quarrel with you about any opinion; only see that your heart be right towards God, that you know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, that you love your neighbour, and walk as your Master walked, and I desire no more. I am sick of opinions; I am weary to hear them; my soul loathes this frothy food. Give me solid and substantial religion; give me an humble and gentle lover of God and man; a man full of mercy and good faith, without partiality, and without hypocrisy; a man laying himself out in the work of faith, the patience of hope, the labour of love. Let my soul be with these Christians wheresoever they are, and whatsoever opinions they are of." These quotations show Wesley at his best, and they make us forget, or dismiss as unimportant, the occasions when he allowed his zeal for what he believed to be true doctrine to carry him so far as to confound his own interpretations with the very truth of God. Once he (or his brother Charles) wrote, in relation to Mahomet:—

The Unitarian fiend expel
And chase his doctrine back to hell.

The hymn remains, but however he might think of the doctrine, after the extracts above given, he would not relegate such Unitarians as Firmin to hell, and surely, all things considered, he would be willing to let even Mahomet sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

The story of his multifarious labours reads like a romance. For more than half a century he travelled thousands of miles on horseback every year. Generally he preached three sermons every day, and sometimes more, often beginning as early as five o'clock in the morning. He used to pray that he might not live to be useless. Really, his wonderful activity kept him alive. On entering his seventy-second year, he asks, "How is this that I find just the same strength as I did thirty years ago; that my sight is considerably better now, and my nerves firmer than they were then; that I have none of the infirmities of old age, and have lost several I had in my youth? The grand cause is the good pleasure of God, who doth whatsoever pleaseth Him. The chief means are, my constantly rising at four for about fifty years; my generally preaching at five in the morning—one of the most healthy exercises in the world; my never travelling less, by sea or land, than four thousand five hundred miles a year. May I add lastly, evenness of temper? I feel and grieve, but by the grace of God I fret at nothing." The seventy-eighth year of his age found him, he says, just the same as when he entered the twenty-eighth. "In the year 1769 I weighed one hundred and twenty-two pounds. In 1783 I weighed not a pound more or less." After his eightieth year he went twice to Holland, and in those times there were no quick steamers, but only tossing sailing-ships. But the end was drawing nigh. On his eighty-sixth birthday, he says, "I now find I grow old." In the summer of 1790 he presided at his last Conference,

and he was then in his eighty-eighth year. He could not see to read the hymns, and some one had to hold him up in the pulpit while he preached. In that year he wrote his last letter. It was to Wilberforce, and was an encouragement to him to persevere in his Parliamentary labours for the abolition of the slave trade. Just before he died he astonished his mourning friends around his bed by singing, when they thought he was dying, the verse—

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Soon after he quietly departed, and this epitaph was placed in City-road Chapel: "Sacred to the memory of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, a Man in Learning and sincere Piety, scarcely inferior to any; in Zeal, ministerial labours, and extensive Usefulness, superior (perhaps) to all men since the days of St. Paul. Regardless of fatigue, personal danger, and disgrace, he went out into the highways and hedges, calling sinners to repentance, and preaching the Gospel of Peace. He was founder of the Methodist Societies; the patron and friend of the Lay preachers, by whose aid he extended the plan of itinerant preaching through Great Britain and Ireland, the West Indies, and America, with unexampled success. He was born June 17th 1703, and died March 2nd 1791 in sure and certain hope of eternal life, through the Atonement and Mediation of a Crucified Saviour. He was sixty-five years in the ministry, and fifty-two an Itinerant preacher; he lived to see in these kingdoms only, above three hundred Itinerant and a thousand local preachers, raised up from the midst of his own people; and eighty thousand persons in the Societies under his care. His name will ever be had in grateful Remembrance by all who rejoice in the universal spread of the Gospel of Christ."

WILLIAM BINNS.

LITERATURE.

MATERIAL SUCCESS AND MORAL FAILURE.*

A BOOK by the first propounder of the Darwinian theory upon the achievements and mistakes of the nineteenth century could not fail to be notable. Dr. Wallace stands, where Darwin stood beside him, in the conning tower of the good ship Science, and his reckoning of her course must needs win our attention and interest. Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order the recent victories of man over the world of circumstance, one opens this volume with a well-defined expectation. We have a right to hope for fuller information, better arrangement, more lucid and masterly exposition than have contented us behind other title-pages, but it is still a piece of book-making that we expect. There will be the well-known pæans. Theories, discoveries, machines with hybrid Hellenistic names; steam, electricity, light, molecules, the ice-age, Darwinism—these will assuredly dominate the page. The inevitable

* "The Wonderful Century: its Successes and Failures." By Alfred Russel Wallace. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., Ltd. Price 7s. 6d.

befalls us, and for the first hundred and fifty pages it is with such things as these that we are concerned. There is no new idea, no fresh presentation of old ideas, but simply a piece of book-making admirably done. Probably no other man could have done it so well. We admire the wide range of knowledge, the easy marshalling of facts into companies and regiments, the discriminating enthusiasm, and a certain temperance of statement which does not affect the frank pleasure our author takes in his story. We are grateful for little scraps of information, carelessly flung from a full hand. It is not too much to say that several people may find in this part of the book, here and there, a beautiful fact or two which they have not known. We are refreshed now and again with an acute criticism, such as that upon the foolish ways of the Postal Order Department (p. 19), or upon our strange indifference to the dangers and distresses of unnecessary dust (p. 69). We enjoy the rapid sketch of earlier history which Dr. Wallace prefixes to each new record of triumph, so that we may appreciate the huge difference of speed between our own progress and that of our fathers. We like to be told, with careful tables drawn up to prove it, that no single century or group of centuries, but rather the whole preceding epoch of human history, must be taken as the measuring rod of our sudden, vast advance. There is a pleasant personal interest about the chapter on evolution, where the thoughts have a grander sweep than mere optical inventions or atomic theories, and are spoken for us by the mind that conceived them. There is an almost poetic beauty about one chapter, "The Importance of Dust," where the secrets are spelt of rainbows and sunsets, and the blue of sky and ocean. Still, the theme of this first part is that thrice-told tale, the astonishing number of new scientific discoveries and material inventions that mark this century.

We have very little reason for self-glorification in all this. I did not invent the telephone or the spectroscope, nor did I think out Natural Selection and the glacial theory. Is the fact that some other man did each of these things a short time ago a reason for pride in me? I trow not. Thales of Miletus was a mighty man, and to some seer of days to come our boasted Darwinism shall seem as crude—who doubts it?—as Thales' water theory did to Darwin. The electric wire is an improvement on Agamemnon's beacons, but some new device shall one day make it clumsy and obsolete. We may suppose that the pages in this book on modern cosmic theories present them at their clearest, with least account of objections and difficulties. Yet the distance from the igneous vapour of Heraclitus or Zeno's ether to the "incompressible frictionless fluid" which is "the one and only substance of the universe" seems, to the lay mind, small indeed. Can such hypothetical forms of matter supply more than a temporary picklock, rather than a key, to the great physical mystery? Perhaps the future sage, scanning the centuries for that which came nearest to guessing the great key-truth, will fix on Athens in the fourth century before Christ, rather than Europe in the nineteenth of the new era. Perhaps it is a triumphant metaphysic, based on psychology, rather than an ex-

quisite chemistry and optic, that shall give the rallying word to straggling science. Hence the well-known pæans do not satisfy us, and a complacent review of modern material successes leaves our sense of truth still aching.

But when we turn the page and read under the sinister word "failures" that "there can be no doubt of the magnitude of the evils that have grown up or persisted, in the midst of all our triumphs over natural forces, and our unprecedented growth in wealth and luxury," and when we compare the space devoted to these failures with that already spent in congratulation, we begin to see the real scope of this book. Our review of elated science is but a preface—a concession—leading to very grave censure on the spirit and tendency of this age. The tone deepens towards the close, which leaves us confronted with the terrible problem of poverty increasing side by side with increasing wealth, and offers weighty suggestions for its redress.

A mere survey of the chapter-headings in this part of the book would not convey a just idea of its purport. Little by little we are led to feel that, while the intellect of man has been stalking from conquest to conquest, his conscience has made no corresponding advance. The failures of the century are moral failures. Even science, drunken with victory, must bow the neck to ignorance and prejudice whenever moral weapons are needed for the fray. The unintelligent, uncandid certitude of modern physicists and physicians is as great as that of ecclesiastics in the middle-age. In them, as in the Church of old, bigotry has taken cruelty to mate. Space could not be spared for a detailed examination of these chapters of failure. The first two, on "The Neglect of Phrenology" and on "Hypnotism and Psychological Research," give instances of the scientific world rejecting unheard, with lordly disdain of evidence, theories which are neither absurd nor trivial. This is far from being an over statement. I should expect a perusal of Dr. Wallace's words to leave upon any candid mind a much more positive and definite impression. In spite of the danger of deciding a case after listening to one advocate, I should expect the temperance, logic and constant appeal to evidence which marks his style to win at least a provisional assent. But whether his theories be sound or not, the scientific world has met them in no scientific temper.

The next chapter, "Vaccination a Delusion," traverses burning ground. This is a subject upon which popular certitude, intelligent or not, is most impatient, and is ignobly backed by panic. Here are one hundred and eleven pages of close reasoning, full of facts with references for verification, and twelve diagrams, purporting to prove that vaccination does not prevent, does not reduce, does not alleviate small-pox; that it does frequently—very frequently—produce a mischief of its own, sometimes horrible, often serious; and that its legal enforcement is therefore (the word is used) "a crime." Incidentally it is shown that wherever small-pox seems to have diminished *pari passu* with an increase of vaccination, the other zymotics (upon which vaccination can have no influence) have also decreased, and a true cause for the decrease of both is always to be found in sanitary improvement. Here is a state-

ment, supported, as always, with the fullest statistical evidence:—"The small-pox mortality of more than 200,000 men" (the army) "all revaccinated to the completest extent possible by the medical officials, shows *no advantage whatever* over the whole comparable population of Ireland, and a quite exceptional *disadvantage* in comparison with almost unvaccinated Leicester!" This is not by any means to be dismissed as a merely fanatical anti-vaccination tract; it is a full, careful, scientific treatise by one who has an indisputable title to be heard as a scientific man; and I cannot conceive of the kind of intellect which would remain unaffected by its arguments. Be that as it may, the bigotry of the medical profession in reference to vaccination is only too surely revealed, and another instance added of the sort of scientific failure which results from moral weakness. For candour, reasonableness, humility are moral qualities; and without them imagination is but a will-o'-the-wisp, ingenuity and information are the instruments of sophistry and pseudo-science.

The remaining chapters are headed:—Militarism; the Demon of Greed; the Plunder of the Earth. There follows an appendix on "The Remedy for Want." It is impossible to discuss them here. They deal with all those terrible and familiar evils which spring from inhumanity and selfishness. I would strongly urge every minister who can obtain this book to do so, and to turn now and again to these chapters, that he may remember the work which is to be done before the full establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven. Sooner or later, whether we will or no, the problem presented by that million of human creatures in London alone who live below "the point of reasonable human necessities" will have to be faced. If it be left to solve itself the solution will be terrible. I close with a sentence from Dr. Wallace's conclusion:—

"When the brightness of future ages shall have dimmed the glamour of our material progress, the judgment of history will surely be, that the ethical standard of our rulers was a deplorably low one, and that we were unworthy to possess the great and beneficent powers that science had placed in our hands." E. W. LUMMIS.

MAX MÜLLER ON THE INDIAN REFORMATION.

Cosmopolis for August has many contributions of interest, but nothing that will have for our readers the peculiar attraction of Professor Max Müller's second paper on "My Indian Friends."

He speaks first of Nilakantha Goreh, of whom many traits are described. "In the whole of my life I have never seen so true a Christian, so true a martyr." "Unfortunately his philosophical Christianity became more and more ecclesiastical in time, through influences which he was too weak to resist. He might have done a great work in India; but what India wants is the young and vigorous Christianity of the first century, not the effete Christianity of the fifteenth century, still less its poor modern imitations."

The name of Keshub Chunder Sen brings us directly to the question of the beginnings of a Reformation movement in India. Max Müller believes that if Ram-

mohun Roy and his friends had been met by "Christian Ambassadors" capable of grasping the hand they held out, great things might have happened. "Ram-mohun Roy went so far that when he was in England it was doubtful whether he, in his mind a Vedântist, was not in his heart a Christian." His followers "could not surrender that ineradicable belief in the substantial identity of the eternal element in God and in man." Of the solemn declaration of the Brâhmo-Somâj, in 1850, that the claim of Divine inspiration for the Veda could no longer be maintained, the Professor says: "I know of no other instance in the whole history of religions that equals it." Keshub Chunder Sen he found "always perfectly tranquil, even when most in earnest, and all his opinions were clear and settled." As to the schism of the Somâj and the present sections "the points of difference are so few and so insignificant that it only requires a strong arm to weld them together once more. Protâp Chunder Mozumdar seemed pointed out for this, and it is to be hoped that he may still succeed in the great work of conciliation." For the moment the Arya-Somâj, inaugurated by Dayânanda Sarasvati, seems to have made most headway, thanks to its nationalist flavour; but the other sections have, the Professor thinks, most real vitality. "We want to know a great deal more of the chief actors in a reformation which affects a far larger number of human beings than did the Reformation which reinvigorated Europe in the sixteenth century."

These are a few points in a paper which cannot be ignored by those who pretend to an intelligent interest in the Indian situation.

"SHORT STUDIES ON VITAL SUBJECTS."*

THIS volume is intended for reflective minds in quiet hours. It deserves a wide circulation. For its twenty-six chapters the author has selected the principal topics of religious thought and experience, and has expressed in clear and suggestive words the views he has adopted respecting them. He points out in his opening remarks that the Christian Churches have almost universally urged the claims of dogmatic religion first. In his opinion, the time has come when stress should "be laid chiefly on those inward dispositions which, twenty centuries ago, were consecrated solemnly with the promise to beatitude."

He, therefore, makes the attempt to approach the questions which face serious minds, by giving a "foremost place of those springs of ethical activity which constitute the rule of life, and whose impairment is succeeded by individual and national declension."

And he faithfully fulfils his purpose, for he shows how much may be done without unwarrantable assumption, and without the introduction of the popular theologic scheme. A reverent faith marks the book, but it is one which is not unconscious of the problems of life or the difficulties which beset those who endeavour to solve them.

Not the least admirable feature of the work is the evident conviction that all

* By the Rev. P. W. de Quetteville, M.A., London: Elliot Stock.

minds are not to be influenced for their own peace, or won to righteous living by the same arguments; and this conviction finds utterance when allusion is made to the hard treatment, which those who doubt often receive. "It is a mockery indeed to compel them to assert in what eludes their reach, a faith which is strengthening and vital. Give them something, if possible, abiding and convincing, with which every inquiring mind may have sympathy."

As might be imagined, not only is the spirit of toleration shown, but also the power of appreciating what is sought by various natures. "Forms and ceremonies need not be undervalued. The soul is ever craving for æsthetic attractions. Notwithstanding this, the devotions of the Covenanters were as fervent in the desert as were ever those of worshippers in Temple and Cathedral."

The author has no fear of reverent truth-seeking, though cherished opinions of early years may be disturbed. He attempts to teach without the imposition of any authority. "Our growth in Christian grace should be made independent of established certitude. The imitation of Christ commends itself to all by its own intrinsic merits. . . . The exhortation to be perfect is enforced alone by the beauty of those Christian virtues which transform and sanctify human nature; whilst integrity of heart and truth of life have within them the similitude of the everlasting."

The keynote of the volume might almost be sounded in a single sentence: What did Christ wish man to accept? "No subtle theories transcending consciousness, or dogmas open to dispute, but the need of rising to the higher life, and of warfare to be waged with self."

But the self to be conquered is not one of theological iniquity. It is rather the actual self of our experience, viewed with the eye of sympathy and understanding. All cannot take the same earnest views of life, nor can all yield to the same demand of religious duty. Thus, when speaking of Sabbath observance, we are told that "We need not identify the day of rest with only abstention from unnecessary labour, and frequenting a place of worship." We may lighten the burden of some dark existence or instil lasting impressions into youthful minds. "Even in actions of apparent devotion there may lurk the worldly spirit. . . . Here is the only test of its reality. Are we nearer by this service to the kingdom of God?"

F. W. STANLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME; and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.]

A CORRECTION.

SIR,—Will you allow me space to correct a mistake in the report of the address I gave at the S.U.A. meetings? I did not say that the true inwardness of Roman Catholicism was Mrs. Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale"—a statement conveying no meaning whatever—but merely referred to that work incidentally, as dealing with some aspects of the Roman Catholic religion.

J. WARSCHAUER.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN BRIDGE, M.A.

VERY many readers of THE INQUIRER will note with regret the death of Mr. John Bridge, for many years Mathematical Tutor at Manchester New College, and private teacher of a large number of residents in University Hall.

Mr. Bridge was born in 1829, took his degree in 1850, was married in 1857, and had several children, three of whom, as well as Mrs. Bridge, survive him. He died at Worthing, in the house of one of his daughters, on July 28. Mr. Bridge was a pupil of Augustus de Morgan, for whom he cherished a profound admiration, and his mathematical work partook of the largeness of spirit and profundity of apprehension, which was such a marked characteristic of his great teacher. He was the author of several communications to the Physical Society of London, but will be remembered chiefly as a teacher. In this capacity he held appointments at Woolwich, at the Stepney College (afterwards known as the Baptist College, Regent's Park), at Manchester New College (as already noted), and at Mrs. Case's school at Hampstead; and for many years he had a large number of private pupils. But he never gained recognition at all commensurate with the variety of his accomplishments and the originality of his mind. During the years of his greatest vigour he was too closely engaged in teaching to have much time or strength for original work, and he was not made for battling with the world. Of a nervous temperament and retiring, not to say shrinking, disposition, of sensitive, even chivalrous, honour, he was incapable of pushing himself, and devoted himself in absolute singleness of mind to the work, however humble, that lay before him. But if civilisation had taught the world how to administer its resources wisely he would have been endowed, and told off to collect and edit in a uniform edition the published and unpublished mathematical works of Augustus de Morgan.

There were probably not many of his pupils who had the privilege of a close or intimate acquaintance with him, and though all must have felt the refinement and integrity of his mind, probably few were aware of the wide range of his culture. He loved to pursue his favourite science through all the by-paths of its history, and was led by it into French, Italian, German, and Latin, as well as English studies; and, like other students of special subjects who have large and general interests, he was able to throw light on a vast number of subjects, and to supply links in historical or philosophical investigations with a surprising fertility, from the harvest that he had gleaned on the apparently narrow field of his special investigations.

He was also an exquisite mechanic and draughtsman, and often amused himself by constructing mathematical or diagrammatical machines and appliances. I remember once, when he was constructing a diagram to illustrate some subject in which I was interested, he had to estimate an angle with a quite impossible degree of nicety in order to get a neat and satisfactory result; he made his estimate with some care, then, with a light, quick touch, ruled the line, and it ran clean through

the desired point. He gave a little exclamation of delight and surprise, and cried: "You know, it is impossible I could have estimated it right." Then a smile of perfect beauty broke over his face, and he said playfully, yet with a tender seriousness in his voice, "I have often noticed that if you do your best, you somehow seem to be helped."

P. H. W.

MR. CHARLES C. DUNKERLEY.

THE death of Mr. Charles C. Dunkerley has removed from our denomination one of its best and truest men, and from our Altrincham congregation its chief supporter and chairman.

Born in Manchester, in 1838, he entered business as a young man, and in time built up the firm which bears his name. Up to the beginning of his illness, in March last, he was actively engaged in business affairs, but a critical operation was then found to be necessary, and after lingering suffering patiently borne, he passed away on July 22.

Mr. Dunkerley was by all much esteemed, by many beloved. In all his business relations he was greatly respected, not only for his knowledge and energy, but still more for his unswerving integrity. He carried into business dealings the high principles and generous consideration for which he was known in private circles and amongst intimate friends.

Of his personal character, his genial sense of humour, his unfailing courtesy of manner, his love of Nature, his affection for children, his unostentatious religion, it is fitting to make mention alone.

In denominational matters his practical interest displayed itself in many ways. He was a trustee of Manchester College, a liberal contributor to its Oxford Building Fund, a trustee of the Lower Mosley-street Schools, and a subscriber to most of our Associations.

In politics he was an ardent Liberal, and was invited in 1895 to contest the Altrincham division of Cheshire. The pressure of business duties, and his indifferent health, together compelled him to decline the offer. The same reasons necessitated his refusal to stand for the Manchester City Council, although both sides promised their support, if he would consent.

The interment, preceded by a private service at the house, took place at Hale Chapel, the officiating ministers being the Rev. Dendy Agate and the Rev. J. E. Odgers. In the course of an impressive address Mr. Odgers spoke these farewell words:—

"It is not all regret that brings us here. It is not to some unfulfilled promise that we say farewell. We behold the closing scene of a true man's life, in which life's realities have been manfully dealt with, to which every struggle yielded strength, to which every new responsibility gave up the secret of power contained in it, to which truth and uprightness gave a lasting influence, as our own hearts bear witness. It is not ours to ask why, in the providence of God, such men's days are not always three-score years and ten. For, as the wise man of old said, 'honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the grey hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age.' But if we would speak of

the things which give to life its dignity and value, surely there is something more to be said than that our friend's life was strenuous, and prudent, and without reproach: we feel that an example has been left us, of influence honestly won and conscientiously used; of an unostentatious religiousness deeply allying itself with firmness and independence of conviction; of a scrupulous honesty—which was, in fact, a nice sense of personal honour carried into the every-day relations of life; of methodical habit that never marred the sweetness of friendly intercourse; of a pursuit of business that was never too absorbed for unselfish kindness, and never too much hurried to be courteous. And while characteristics such as these rise vividly before us, we know that death does not cut the ties that bind us to the departed; nay rather, it but unites us by a more lasting bond, and sanctifies in memory each lineament of character which here has won our respect, our love, and our cordial sympathy. Death is the great revealer of man to man: it is at such times as this that we read aright the men who have been living and working, almost unheeded perhaps, at our side. As the lesson of a life is closed for us, we are apt to find that we have owed to it more than we have ever known. As the grave closes, the hearts of the living are opened, and here and there a helpful word, a forgotten kindness, a good influence hitherto untraced to its real source, rises up and bears its testimony to the dead. And as we come here in no empty show, whether with the heartfelt friendship of years still stirring within us, or perhaps with only that natural reverence for an upright man which may be gained even from slight contact with him, we feel that our love and our esteem gain, from this meeting-point of the seen and the unseen, a deeper holiness and a more lasting strength. As we breathe our parting blessing upon the mortal remains of one who in every relation of life has borne a man's part, and an unblemished name, we can look upward with a steadfast trust, knowing that "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

UP TO THE HILLS.

FROM tame and level lowlands,
From the restless, restless sea,
My spirit reaches upward,
Calm mountain land to thee!

Through the woodlands, through the farmlands,
I speed—yet all too slow;
And the rivers flow to meet me,
Flow to greet me as I go.

Now green hills are beginning
To rise on every side;
And distant, beckoning summits
Glance shyly, and then hide.

Now they are all about me,
In their very arms I stand;
Their strength, their peace, their beauty,
Fold me on every hand.

For me they have been waiting,
Patient, unchanging, true;
Through all the years' long absence
My faithful heart they knew.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

OUR LAKE-LAND HOLIDAY.—IV.

"THE caravan will start at ten o'clock." These are the orders from headquarters, and accordingly, at ten precisely, we stream out, lunch in pocket, ready, and exceedingly willing to spend a day in rambling.

We are all brim full of gladness and pleasant excitement, and have nothing but sympathy for kings, emperors, and millionaires; in fact we are sorry for everyone who is not going with us to-day.

We have a new friend to accompany us, and I must introduce you. "Jack, these are our children!" "Children, this is Jack!"

Jack is a little white, wire-haired terrier, with one ear brown and one brown-patched eye, and he has a long tail, which is much scoffed at by dog-fancying persons, who protest that it ought to have been snipped off short when he was a puppy. Well, I prefer the tail as it is, just as it was designed, and I am sure Jack agrees with me. He is waving it approvingly now, as his bright brown eyes glance knowingly at us, and he trots to the head of the procession, as much as to say, "Come along, it's all right; follow me, and I'll take care of you."

Down this lane we go, whose steep grassy banks have been bright this spring; first with celandine, so shiny and bright and glossy that it heartens one to see them, and then a little later come the clumps of tender pale primrose, and with them the dog violets that grow so big and bonny, as if trying to make up for their lack of scent. Here, too, the hyacinths grow so thickly that the ground seems covered with a faint blue mist.

But come along, for here is the Beck, and to-day we are going to follow it; to trace it right away to its source in the hills, five or six miles away.

Just here our Beck makes an elbow, and there is a deep, quiet, pool. Come cautiously to the edge, and peep in. At first you only see the clear water, with stones and pebbles showing at the bottom; but keep on looking. "There, do you see those trout, poised in the water with slowly waving fins and tail?" They look so pale and shadowlike, that I fancy it would surprise most of you if you had a freshly-caught one placed in your hand, and you felt how plump, and firm, and substantial he was, and what strength he could put into his struggles. Now drop a pebble in the pool and you see how the trout dart hither and thither, seeking their hiding-places, and you notice that a lot more fish that you had not seen before make their appearance. Very soon all is still and quiet again, and there's not a fish to be seen anywhere. If there was ever a great competition at the world-old game of "Hide and Seek" I fancy Master Trout would be one of the last to be caught.

A little further, and we come to a shallow where the Beck comes murmuring along over its gravel bed, ending up with a bold wee rush down the last steep bit, just as you children might join hands across the road, and rush, shouting, and some half tumbling, down the last few yards of a hill.

Those pale yellow flowers, something like a very, very big buttercup that had bent its cup round into a golden ball instead of a golden cup, are Globe flowers. Near

them is a patch of shy forget-me-nots. What a pretty name, and what a hold it has on our affections. Winsome wee things, we will think you are our flower babies. Do you think, girls and boys, that last night when the stars peeped so softly through the pale blue sky, that a kind fairy flew swiftly up, and snipped out just a tiny bit, and brought it and laid it here for us to look at, and looking at, to love?

"Oh, oh, oh," a perfect chorus of "oh's," as a streak of blue, like a flying jewel, darts its arrow-like course down the centre of the Beck and finally disappears round the next bend. That beautiful bird was a kingfisher.

Here we have come to a place where our Beck divides, but we can follow one branch for a long way yet. It is now, of course, smaller, but it does not seem to think so, for it is a most fussy little stream as it rushes over its rocky bed, and foams, and sparkles, and glances, as it comes hurrying along.

It is getting rough, scrambling work for you children, but make your way slowly and carefully. "What's that?" "You like it." Well now, that's nice, and I'm glad to hear it, for I am very fond of a scramble myself. I was picking my way over great stones and through thick bushes by the side of this Beck some weeks ago, and not very many yards from where we are, when suddenly I almost ran up against a big brown wood-owl. He was sitting in a low tree and was so close that I could have touched him with my stick. He stared at me and I stared at him for quite a minute, and then he silently flew off. Many birds make a good deal of noise with their wings in flying, particularly when they are first on the move, but owls fly so quietly and softly, you scarcely hear them. On the other hand one of the noisiest birds in getting away is the wood-pigeon; he makes such a sudden clap with his wings that it is quite startling to anyone walking in the quiet wood below.

We must leave the Beck side for a short distance here. Listen, do you hear a sort of dull rumbling roar some way in front of us? That is a waterfall, and the path there is too steep and unsafe even for your active feet, so we must leave the water for a little, and walk through the wood instead. Nearly all the bushes you see on each side are nut bushes. What heaps and heaps of nuts there will be. I wonder if you would like to come for a day in September and pick them?

Here is the end of the wood. Scramble over that wall, and here we are where I want to have you, up on the moorland, the real wild country, close to the big hills, and—why to be sure, here is our old friend the Beck, running to meet us, as merry and cheery as possible, as he blinks and winks in the bright sunlight.

Now then, out with your lunch parcels, and any boys or girls who are not hungry, please hold up their hands. Strange, I don't see a single hand raised, or, to be strictly accurate, I don't see any raised higher than to its owner's mouth.

Who can spare a morsel for Jack? Oh, Jack, Jack, Jack, whatever will become of you! Pity the fate of a poor little dog, who receives 500 invitations to lunch all at once!

The situation is so trying to me as the owner of the said more or less happy Jack, that I must take another week to think things over.

H. V. C.

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LONDON, AUGUST 13, 1898.

PRIEST AND PEOPLE.

THE present "lawlessness" in the Church of England has furnished a text for many sermons. Canon MACCOLL, writing in the *Fortnightly Review* on "Protestantism and Sacerdotalism," is anxious to cast oil on the troubled waters by reminding us that the vehemence of the present conflict between the militant Protestants and the sacerdotal clergy is nothing new, and, indeed, cannot be compared in virulence with that of nearly sixty years ago. Then, although one of the chief offences was simply that a clergyman dared to preach in a surplice, the whole country seemed to be stirred, the *Times* thundered, and nearly the whole bench of Bishops was on the side of the protesters. But ruin did not overtake the country, nor was the Church of England thrown bodily into the arms of Rome. The excitement passed, men grew accustomed to the ritual and learnt to like it, while what really made its way in the country was the power of a new religious earnestness.

And at the present time Canon MACCOLL would persuade us that nothing terrible is going to happen. No English clergyman of any intellectual eminence has in the present generation gone over to Rome. Extravagances there have doubtless been and are, but it ought not to be difficult to hold these in check, and, as to the main doctrines which are held up for reprobation by the extreme Protestants they are not malignant errors of Rome, but Catholic doctrines which have in the past been upheld by sober-minded and universally-respected Churchmen. The authority of Dean STANLEY is cited

for prayers for the dead, and it is pointed out that while the "Romish" doctrine of purgatory is to be condemned, there is a better doctrine of the intermediate state, which it is open to good Churchmen to hold, while the Church herself has never made any pronouncement on the subject. The real objective Presence in the Sacrament (but not transubstantiation) is clearly implied in the Prayer-Book, and so it is with Confession and the Absolution granted by the priest.

That this view of the matter will be accepted by the new crusaders and the storm will be allayed, does not seem likely, but it suggests to the friendly observer one more instance of the extreme elasticity of the formularies and the comprehensiveness of that great Compromise—the Church of England. Judged by the standard of the Prayer-Book it seems clear that the Low Church clergy are as "lawless" as the High; but what a consistent obedience would be, if indeed such uniformity is at all possible, it would be difficult to say.

For ourselves this controversy may serve to bring home an urgent appeal of duty. In the Church of England we see that the theory of religion is based upon the doctrine of sacrifice and the consequent need of a priest. Only through the efficacy of that sacrifice can man approach to God. The central doctrine is that CHRIST was offered up, an atoning sacrifice on the cross. The Sacerdotalist claims to continue that offering up of sacrifice upon the altar for the benefit of those who are gathered into the Church. The Evangelical declares that there can be none other than the one Great High Priest, who offered up Himself, and that the believer's part is simply to accept in faith the atonement once for all made for his sins. But in either view the main doctrine is the same, and whichever way the conflict of parties in the Church may be settled, we have still our own protest to make, and our own conviction to declare, that no such sacrifice is demanded by God, that such is not the meaning of CHRIST's life and death, and that our access is direct to the FATHER, in that childlike spirit which was in JESUS. Not the priest, but the prophet, furnishes our ideal of religious life—the man of the free spirit, to whom God speaks, who declares that the one sacrifice required is of a humble and obedient heart, and that there must be a true fellowship of spirit, a gathering of the children into the household of God.

Thus the appeal comes to us. What are we doing to manifest the power of this deeper spiritual life, to make the prophet's word of Divine truth heard in the hearts of men? In all humility we have this witness to bear, and to do our part to make it clear that no priest is required for the ministering to all human needs, and the establishment of God's kingdom, but that the people themselves are the living Church, and

in their hearts alone must be the worship and the offering which the FATHER seeks from His children on earth.

COMMERCIAL MANSLAUGHTER.

UNDER the above title Miss GERTRUDE TUCKWELL, Hon. Secretary of the Women's Trade Union League, writes in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* a pathetic account of the sufferers from lead-poisoning in the Staffordshire Potteries. It seems that it is no single process in this dangerous trade that is the cause of all the suffering, but wherever the raw lead used for the glaze of pottery is present there danger exists, and danger of the most terrible disease and death. Cases of violent lead-poisoning are not infrequent, and consumption, due to the breathing of fine flint dust, is so common that thirty-five years is said to be the usual limit of a potter's life. But this is only a part of the tale of misery.

Go down to the Potteries and persuade some one used to the place, and knowing where sickness is, to take you round, and the effect left on your mind is of having seen a district visited by some fearful epidemic. In one house a woman partially paralysed and with speech so impeded that only those long accustomed to interpret for her can guess at her meaning, has struggled pitifully for years to carry on her household duties. A street off, a tall handsome woman, half-blind and partially paralysed, is sitting minding a neighbour's house—the only wage-earning occupation of which she is capable. Another home has been kept by the wife's earnings for six years, and the husband since the early stages of his illness, when pain and paralysis had prostrated him for months, has occupied all day long for that space of time the seat by the fire, hands and feet swollen and bent, and unable, except at rare intervals of ease, to move even to the door. There is a home where the mother has lost the use of her hands, which hang loose from the wrist. She cannot lift or dust or clean, and "most days I feed her," says her daughter-in-law, with whom the helpless woman has come to live. In each home you hear some story of the ravages of the disease. Every family can tell of some friend or relation who has suffered from lead-poisoning, till one's experience culminates in the home where the father, crippled with lead, has lost his wife from the disease, the daughter has lost her husband, and out of many children has reared only one sickly child. The children never come to anything, say the women who work in the dangerous pottery processes, and this is true. It is not only the present generation which is affected by the trade; it slays the greater number of the children, and enfeebles the few who survive.

Public opinion has now been called to this iniquitous state of things. The *Staffordshire Sentinel* and the *Daily Chronicle* have been unwearied in their efforts to compel people to face the facts, and to ask where the responsibility lies. It has been demonstrated that the use of raw lead is not necessary, and, in the course of time, it will, no doubt, be prohibited, and the Workmen's Compensation Act extended to those who are employed in this trade.

But while Government is slow to move as public opinion must demand, the present sufferers are in grievous need of sympathetic help. Some few of

the employers have recognised in a practical manner their responsibility to those who are maimed in their service, and a public fund has been the means of giving very substantial help during the last six months. Miss TUCKWELL, in a letter to last Tuesday's *Daily Chronicle*, gave an account of what has been done, but stated that the fund was almost exhausted, and that if the good work was to be carried through fresh donations would be required. A skilled nurse from the London Hospital has been sent down into the district to attend to the sufferers in their homes, while special cases have been sent to the London Hospital, St. Thomas's, and to the infirmary at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Fifteen convalescent cases have been sent to homes or country lodgings, and for the blind, not already provided for, it is hoped to find schooling or pensions. A balance-sheet of the fund was published with the last number of the *Women's Trade Union Review*, and an appeal is now made for further contributions. The office of the League is in the Club Union Buildings, Clerkenwell-road, E.C.

POPPIES IN THE CORN.

"MAN shall not live by bread alone";
For heart and soul crave finer fare.
Where love has made his presence known,
Contentment spreads a banquet there.

Useless for man's material needs
Sense of the beautiful is born,
As, mingled with more valued seeds,
Up spring the poppies with the corn.

Beauty that charms the outward eye,
And beauty that can win the soul
To tread the path, with courage high,
That leads us to a worthy goal.

God gives us these on every side,
Life's meaner uses to adorn,
Divinest blossoms scatter'd wide
As grow the poppies in the corn.

And he that has an eye to see
Welcomes these precious gifts with joy,
From sordid cares they set him free,
And purify the base alloy.

Such gifts can cheer long hours of pain,
Can soothe the heart that grief has worn,
Causing life's flow'rs to bloom again,
Like poppies in the ripen'd corn.

The life itself is more than meat,
We waste it with ignoble aims,
And press along with hurrying feet,
Neglectful of its highest claims.

How oft when we might smile we weep,
The sweetest boons, grown common,
scorn,
With anxious labour sow and reap,
And grudge the poppies to the corn!

Unbidden guests they find their way,
Their only service to be fair,
Dappling the downs with scarlet gay—
'Tis God Himself has set them there!

Beauty and sweetness, light and grace,—
Without them were our lives forlorn;
Yet all unask'd they hold their place,
And grow like poppies in the corn.

R. BRUCE BOSWELL.

THE PULPIT.

SOWING IN TEARS.

BY THE REV. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—*Psalms cxxvi. 5.*

THE Hymn of the Second Temple, from which this passage is taken, was a song of memorial of the great deliverance of the nation from prolonged captivity, and a reminder that in the days of adversity there may well be a preparation for ultimate and abiding joy. The illustration used is that of a patient farmer, depressed by the failure of the last harvest, committing his scanty store of seed to the ground in trembling remembrance that it is his all,—“sowing in tears,” “going forth and weeping, bearing precious seed”; but the gracious sun warms the fields, the gentle rain fulfils its proper function, in due course a rich harvest comes, and toil and trust are amply repaid. The husbandman “reaps in joy,” “comes again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

As life's varied experiences throng and close about us, happy are we who preserve the faculty of looking back and gathering up the unlearned lessons of the past. In the midst of the toil and strife, the fret and care, the haste and press, we have no real opportunity of looking upon our lot, as it were, from the outside. Our energies and attention are concentrated on the decisions and claims of the moment, and the larger issues are hidden from us. But the time comes when a wider sweep of vision is possible: we can to some extent look before and after: events which once absorbed us assume their true proportion; and the due relation of things is made apparent. Then it is that the little things of life, as we thought them, gain in significance, and the things upon which we bestowed so much attention and regard seem small and of slight moment. Unexpected developments have been quietly and imperceptibly shaping themselves: principles of conduct have silently established their influence and left their permanent trace upon our whole nature: good and evil characteristics have sprung into activity as though by magic: codes of judgment have been quietly formed: habits and tendencies and opinions have been shaped. To our astonishment we find that we are changed, and much more so than we can find reason for, until in our mental retrospect we add one constituent element to another, and perceive at last how much potentiality of change is wrapped up in each. The little decisions were really momentous because they involved the application of a principle, not merely then and there, but throughout a future with its varied vicissitudes and combinations. The discomforts and annoyances of the moment shrink into comparative insignificance; but the way in which we met them was all-important, for it helped to determine our measure of fitness for the next opportunity of trial. The enjoyments were fleeting; but unless they were innocent and timely, they have left a sting and poison behind, incapacitating us to a greater or less extent for nobleness of life. The pains and sorrows which once absorbed our attention were but birth-throes of higher sensibilities and qualities and potentialities, if we only bore them bravely and in patience.

Well is it for those who have and hold

this aptitude for perceiving the tendency and purpose of the past. Not in blind unmeaning drift hither and thither are the currents of our life directed. There is no waste of energy and no failure of certainty so far as Nature's methods, which are God's laws, are concerned. We may indeed, and often do, fail to perceive the direction in which we are tending, and may even sometimes know little and care less as to any objective for which we work; but the chain of cause and effect is unbroken, and as we sow we shall surely reap. Our sowing is often done in tears, because we lack faith and lose heart; but if the seed is good and the work is honestly done, we “shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us.”

Unfortunately, there are some whose gaze is so concentrated upon the interests of the moment, that they give themselves no chance of judging the larger issues. They live in and for the present only—forgetting the past and careless of the future. But past, present, and future are inextricably linked in the chain of sequence; and no judgment is reliable which lacks the due sense of relation between them. The man who gives himself up to the pleasure of the day without heed to the duties of to-day, and regardless of the connection which to-day bears to yesterday and to-morrow, is dooming himself to condign punishment; for if he does not afterwards feel any suffering for his neglect of the urgent claims of his higher nature, it is only because he has become selfish, and so shut off some of his better susceptibilities which held out the promise, now neglected, of better things. In like manner the hopeless mourner, refusing to be comforted, who gives himself up without a struggle to morbid brooding or utter despair, has no right to put away from sight the blessings and happiness of the past, and to shut out of the prospect the possibilities of compensations in the future. We judge too much by momentary appearance, too little by everlasting reality; too much by feeling, too little by reason; too much by self-interest, too little by general principle; too much by sight, too little by faith.

How many rebukes have come to us in later experience, humiliating us at the remembrance of hasty judgments of earlier time! And yet we do not always heed this warning against immature decision and short-sighted assumption. The chances are that the next great sorrow which comes along will find us unprepared to meet it as we ought; and, for a while at least, we may be overwhelmed. The light of life seems to go out: the torch of faith is extinguished; and our souls pass through their time of trial in the cold darkness. Do we forget that the last great trouble, hard as it was to bear, has taught us a lesson that was worth the learning, and that our nature is richer for the experience? Have we let go our faith in God which emerged from our time of darkness, and gave us momentary insight into the beneficence of the Divine purposes? “Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?” Does not God rule in His heaven and on His earth, and shall not the Judge of all the world be just? The veil which normally obscures our judgment has been slightly lifted now and then, and we have caught a glimpse of the orderly Providence which shapes all things to a great end: may not the remembrance of the vision sustain us in our hour of darkness and need?

Were it not for this assurance, that the issues of life are in higher and wiser and more loving hands than ours, we might well fail in the crises of our proving. But all life conspires to teach us this great lesson. It is graven deep on the tablets of our hearts: it demands our appreciation when we see or read of any heroic act of self-sacrifice; the voice of our own conscience impresses it upon us when our time of trial comes; the sense of the necessity of justice rises triumphant in the midst of popular wrong and undeserved oppression. Temptations may prove too strong for us, but in yielding to them it is with a sense of shame and unworthiness. Here is a man, tempted by the thought of suffering wife and hungry children to betray the cause for which he stands, to turn his back on his principles, to break the ranks and turn his weapons against his own friends. What is he to do? On the one hand is a competence sufficient to keep the wolf from the door: on the other is enforced idleness and possible starvation. But the competence would be gained at the expense of an injured conscience; whereas to refuse it would preserve his honour. Here is a minister of religion, bound by the creed of his church to preach a gospel in which he no longer believes; or standing before the world as a leader of men, when he knows himself mentally or morally unfit. But this is the only work for which he has been trained, and at his time of life there is little chance of securing other employment; and he, too, has others dependent upon him. What must he do? Stay on and preach a barren and hypocritical gospel, adding with every sermon he delivers a new nail to the coffin in which his spiritual life is to be buried—or go out into the wilderness, he and his, and leave to God the issues of this righteous judgment?

None of us can judge another with perfect fairness, for no man can enter the *penetratia* of any other's life; but at least we must refrain from condemning the action which anyone feels called upon to take for conscience' sake. The conscience may be faultily equipped, and its deliverance may seem to us mistaken; but, for all that, to the man himself it speaks with the voice of imperial prerogative, and he would disobey at peril of his spiritual life. It is no light sacrifice which one is called to make when high principle asserts itself against the claims of the lower self. The struggle is often severe, and, when the less worthy claimant prevails, the tragedy is deplorable. But when principle is triumphant all lesser voices should be hushed; for this is the majesty of the Lord our God asserting its eternal sway. Thus does God rule in human hearts, by making Himself known in the higher law to which man's nature intuitively responds in sentiment, however it may deal with it in practice; by furnishing the strength of purpose which carries one through the emergencies and difficulties of a moral crisis; by hushing every dissentient and discordant voice to silence in the assurance of Divine favour and love: God grants to each of us the high privilege of choosing or refusing the good. "This is the way, walk ye in it," is His encouraging word: He leaves the decision with us; but when we have decided aright, that other cheering word gives peace to our souls: "Well done, good and faithful servants." He who possesses this price-

less treasure can afford to ignore the sneers and affronts of uninformed or incompetent critics; to him the cares and burdens of life will be lightened and the road cleared of much difficulty; for his heart is cheered and his soul sustained by a high faith. He may have sown in tears, but he has already begun to reap in joy that harvest of which the full fruition has not yet come, though it is surely promised.

Fidelity to principle, even though it be only achieved at the cost of much personal comfort, brings its inalienable peace and carries its certain reward. Life is not measured by enjoyments or by miseries, but by honourable victories and patient steps of advance.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
(P. J. Bailey: "Festus.")

This is not the popular lesson of the day, but it is the abiding principle of eternal life, and no human existence understands itself and its own immeasurable possibilities till it has risen to this high conception. Save yourselves at any cost, is the world's usual doctrine. Look to your own interests, and let others mind theirs!

For why?—because the good old rule
Sufficeth them—the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.
(Wordsworth: "Rob Roy's Grave.")

But that is not the way of eternal life. Selfishness ever defeats its own ends, and while it gathers and hoards the things which matters little, it wastes and loses the thing which matters much. Save your souls, indeed—not in the sense of being too anxious about your own personal welfare and your chances of future happiness. But save them in the highest sense—from defilement of sordid purpose and unworthy ambition and unholy desire. Save them from the decay of honourable principle, from the loss of generous impulse, from the lassitude which attends on too much attention to comfort and ease. Save them from the bitter reproach of silence in the day when strong speech is required; from the torture of shame when great opportunity goes by untaken; from the sin of sacrificing conviction for the sake of a dishonourable peace. Save your souls, not for a selfish heaven, but for an unselfish earth, and leave the results with God.

Is such counsel called heroic, ideal, impracticable? Yes, it needs the assertion of some of that heroism which is innate in every soul; it links our daily realities with the imperishable ideal which, as a light from God, shows the way to nobler human life; but, thank God, it is not impracticable, as countless examples about us show. Who are they that decry the men who give up all for principle? What claim have they to judge wherein they know so little? What sacrifices have they made in vain? Until they have tried the way of eternal life for themselves, and found it a delusion, it is not theirs to warn others away. But great and glorious leaders, whom all men honour, beckon us along that toilsome road, and humble companions tread it smilingly and with high faith. We too will walk in it fearlessly, strong in the might of our God.

GRATITUDE.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning."

THERE are few experiences of life less "satisfactory" in the ordinary sense of the word than those of gratitude and ingratitude. Much patient labour, and hardly a "thank you"; some little trifling attention or kindness, and overflowing tears of gratitude; these are common experiences of almost everyone.

Whether there be a "key to all the mythologies" or not, it seems as if there were a key to all problems of ethics and human experience in the idea of the "unity of man." Each kind deed done in this world makes a part of that stream of kindness flowing through society that keeps it fresh and purifies it to some extent from sordid aims and ideas. If you take the trouble to put out your foot as you walk along the street and stop a child's marble from running down a grating, you don't know how much you may have done to brighten and cheer the world; you have kept him may be from losing his temper, saved a younger brother or sister from a blow or angry word, a tired mother from a sulky refusal to run an errand, and the whole household from a series of rubs and counter-rubs.

It is worth while to do little acts of kindness as one of the easiest ways of brightening life, and keeping up a general cheerfulness in society. But when it comes to more serious work, actual self-denial or patient exertion, one hopes, at least, for something more than the mere sense of the world being a better place generally, and one wants some sort of personal recognition, and at least some return of affection and sympathy. Well, you will find it as soon as you recognise the great human brotherhood.

If you confer a favour on some one, and he is ignorant of it, or is unable or even unwilling to acknowledge it, and his own brother acknowledges it and is grateful to you, then so far as any return of love and gratitude to you is concerned, you are fully repaid; you have your reward.

If a man saves a child from being run over in the street, and carries him safe to his mother, he expects no profuse manifestation of gratitude from the child. He only smiles when the little fellow kicks and screams to escape from his deliverer, who frightens him much more than the danger which he has escaped. The mother's gratitude is enough.

Now once recognise the human family as one, and you will find that if you live well and do good you will be loved and blessed for it by some of this great brotherhood, though not perhaps especially by those for whom more particularly you have laboured.

If ever you are patient with one who is too passionate even to bear with your patience, you may be sure that there are others in the world who love you for your gentleness.

If you are honest in the midst of temptation, and the very persons who benefit by your honesty are inclined to sneer at it and disbelieve in it, there will always be some people in the world who respect you for it.

If you give yourself up to the care and

training of the young, and they are rebellious and ungrateful, know, nevertheless, that there are others who thank you.

If you devote yourself to public duties faithfully and meet with opposition and blame, remember that the true saviours of society are on your side and you have their sympathy and fellowship.

If you surrender yourself quietly to home duties, and no one seems to recognise the little sacrifices you daily make, your constant thought, your frequent weariness, your many disappointments, know that your friends love and respect you, though it would be an impertinence on their part to be continually praising you.

And in all these cases there may be some return of love some day, even from those who appear least appreciative at the time. Many a gentle thought comes back in after years to hearts that once seemed cold and indifferent.

But one thing more is needed: we must have faith in human nature and in our own friends.

Many a one makes great efforts to keep up his faith in God when it is tried, and to clear away all darkening clouds from his mind. Let us make some little effort to keep alive our faith in man, in our own brothers and sisters.

The Roman Emperor and philosopher Marcus Antoninus enumerates in the first book of his meditations the various valuable things he learnt from teachers, friends, and companions in his youth. "From my mother," he says, for example, "piety and beneficence, and abstinence not only from evil deeds but even from evil thoughts."

"From Apollonius, freedom of will and undeviating steadiness of purpose, and to look to nothing else, not even for a moment, except to reason."

"From Sextus," he says, quaintly, "to look carefully after the interests of friends, and to tolerate ignorant persons and those who form opinions without consideration."

"From Severus," he says, "I learned to love my kin and to love truth and to love justice . . . and a disposition to do good, and to give to others readily and to cherish good hopes, and to believe that I am loved by my friends."

Now as soon as we have learnt that last, so that we can never forget it or disbelieve it, we have found faith in man, to add to our faith in God; and we shall find the love and gratitude of man as sure to us as the love and forgiveness of God.

Cease to look with a calculating eye for due return for your efforts for the common or the private good; cease to watch with morbid anxiety for love that is worthless if it be not spontaneous; go quietly about the duties of life, thinking more of others than of yourself; watch for opportunities to relieve the burdens of the world, whether great or small; believe that you are loved by your friends; and you will ever find that good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom.

F. H. JONES.

HUNGARIAN LETTER.

I HAVE many reasons to begin this letter by making a reflection on Mr. Hocart's report from Brussels. He tells some very grave facts about their present struggles.

I can sympathise with him most sincerely, since, though I do not know all what he says from personal experience, I know the same from eye-witnesses. It is not yet quite fifty years since we Hungarian Unitarians began a hot fight against the all-crushing atrocities of an absolute Government, which was in the hands of the Roman Catholic clergy. Our leaders—nay, even the very last man and woman who belonged to our household of faith—had to partake in the struggle with hand and heart for about fifteen years, and with God's aid they overcame all the difficulties. This was the last, but not the least, of the troubles of the Unitarian Church in Transylvania and Hungary. History speaks for the past. I wish further to mention that our victory was won with the noble aid of the English Unitarians, in whom the Belgians also now put their trust.

At present our position is quite different from what it was fifty years ago. I have already noticed in this place several times that the Hungarian Government began more than fifteen years ago the financial support of all the denominational schools and colleges that would accept it. At present there is not one educational Unitarian institute which does not get some direct support, the Theological College excepted. This year a law was brought in and sanctioned which makes it a duty of the Government to raise the salary of each Protestant minister to fl.800. This is to be carried out within nine years, beginning in 1899. The Catholic Church is left out because she has got an immense quantity of State property in her hands, from which colleges and priests get an income more than enough. True, the distribution of this property is not just, since while, for example, the Transylvanian Bishop enjoys about fl.100,000 (£10,000) of income many reach nearly fl.1,000,000, while some country priests live upon fl.200 or fl.300.

Apropos, the Transylvanian Catholic Bishop made himself such a famous man, that I must tell you also some things about him. He is quite a young man, just about thirty-two years of age, and has a large private income. He is an extremely zealous Churchman, we may justly say quite a fanatic—which is easily understood, since he studied in Rome. Now he has made up his mind that he will save all the lost souls in Transylvania. You will guess, I am sure, that he means those who are out of his Church. For this purpose he is frequently travelling, and wherever he comes he generally disturbs the peace which exists in Transylvania between the different denominations, since he openly preaches against Protestantism. The good Bishop lays a great stress on mariolatry. The Mother of God, according to him, has more treasures in store for those who trust in her than either her Son or God the Father Himself. It seems to me, and to a great many others of those who belong to his flock, that he is rather late with his plans. He ought to have come just one hundred and twenty years ago, and then he would have enjoyed a much fuller success than he now does.

But I must say a few words of our own Bishop. Bishop Ferencz just lately also visited a few of his congregations. Two of the places visited were the same which had just heard the Catholic Bishop's apostolical words. Our Bishop had a position somewhat like that of Paul, when

his congregations were disturbed by the Jerusalem missionaries. I may quote the words of non-Unitarians to prove what a complete success our liberal-minded and open-hearted Bishop had when he, though in the function of the chief pastor of a special Church, still preached that he preferred the conviction of an individual soul, whatever shape it had, to the formularies of a Church to whatever symbols attached. I may speak as a witness of the boundless respect and honour paid to our Bishop. His personal grace and the charm of his voice took hold of all those who heard or saw him. Though he nowhere asked them to follow him or join his Church, it was heard everywhere that his is the Gospel they want to hear.

GEO. BOROS.

Some further notes from Mr. Boros we are obliged to hold over until next week.—ED. INQ.

LISCARD: STONE-LAYING, WELCOME SOIRÉE AND INDUCTION SERVICE.

ON Friday, the 5th inst., a memorial stone was laid by Mrs. William Elam of the church which she is building at Liscard in memory of her husband. The building, which is on the site of the iron structure in which the congregation had previously worshipped for five and a half years, consists of the church proper, with an ample entrance porch, a school-room or lecture hall, and vestry, library and kitchen in the rear. The site adjoins the concert hall in Manor-road, and is just off the tram-line, in the very centre of the district from which the congregation is drawn.

In spite of threatening weather a large company of friends from the district and from Liverpool had gathered by half-past six, when the proceedings were to commence. Mrs. Elam was accompanied on the platform by the Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas, minister of the church; the Rev. J. H. Gwyther, of the Liscard Congregational Church; the Revs. R. A. Armstrong and V. D. Davis, Mr. J. Birkett, chairman of the congregation; Mr. P. C. Spence, secretary; the choir, and a number of other friends, while there were also present at the stone-laying or the subsequent soir  e, the Rev. W. E. Thomas, of the Seacombe Congregational Church; the Revs. W. J. Jupp, J. Crossley, T. Lloyd Jones, J. Anderton, J. L. Haigh, and D. Davis; Messrs. Chas. W. Jones, Richard D. Holt, S. Wellington, T. Rowlands, W. Carruthers, J. E. Rudkin, W. Woffenden, W. P. Houghton, F. Clark, F. W. Moss, I. Jandrell, G. Wright, B. Burroughs, W. Walker, A. W. Hall, Ll. S. Rowlands, F. Firth, J. B. Fisher, F. Monkhouse, F. Witter, E. Johnson, F. Johnson, H. Coventry, J. H. Burroughs, T. C. Stewart, J. Mason, W. Newall, Messrs. Ware and Rathbone, the architects, and many others, among whom were not a few members of other denominations. A message from the Rev. H. W. Hawkes, and letters from other friends had been received, regretting their inability to be present.

Mr. J. BIRKETT, having spoken some words of high appreciation of Mr. William Elam, who, from the beginning of the movement to the time of his death, was closely associated with the Liscard congregation, and of Mrs. Elam's generous

gift, the hymn "O God, our help in ages past" was sung.

The Rev. R. A. ARMSTRONG then gave an address, in which he first alluded to the sympathy they must all feel for Mrs. Elam on that occasion, in the dedication of the memorial she was raising, and went on to speak of the church, which would be dedicated to the worship of God in spirit and in truth, without the fetters of any human creed, without the control of any sacerdotal body. The truth of God, they believed, was best preserved and best revealed to the children of men by leaving the mind unfettered and the lips unlocked, leaving the soul to pursue its own way of faith and worship. In that place they trusted that for many generations to come men would gather together, not all of one theological mind, but men of different thought and judgment, united by a common aspiration and desire to worship in spirit and in truth, and that by sympathy and love, and mutual help in the things of the spirit, men would be drawn more and more into the eternal kingdom of God. They came together in no spirit of boasting, but well knowing their own failings and weaknesses, yet believing that God is a Father to His children, who will always accept in His great mercy the sincere prayer of a sincere heart, and service rendered in the love of God and man. They dedicated that church to the worship of God in freedom and truth, to the spirit and faith of Jesus Christ, and to the service and love of man.

The architects having presented the trowel and mallet, Mrs. ELAM then proceeded to lay the memorial stone, which bore the inscription: "Erected by his Widow to the memory of William Elam, 1898."

The Rev. V. D. DAVIS having offered the prayer of dedication, the second hymn was omitted, on account of the storm of rain, and the Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. R. A. Armstrong.

WELCOME SOIRÉE.

The hymn "Now thank we all our God" was sung in the Concert Hall at the opening of the soirée which followed immediately on the stone-laying, with the purpose of welcoming the Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas, the new minister of the church.

In the course of the evening, both before and after the speaking, music was rendered on the organ by Mr. Shepherdson, organist of the Liscard Congregational Church.

Mr. J. BIRKETT took the chair, and said that it was a happy idea to have the impressive ceremony in which they had just taken part and the formal welcome to Mr. Thomas as their minister at one time. On behalf of the congregation he offered a very warm and heartfelt welcome to Mr. Thomas, and also on behalf of the Sunday-school. They had every reason to be thankful for the success which had hitherto attended their efforts, and they had a promising field for a healthy and successful church. While other churches of the district were doing good and excellent work, there were a great number of people in that neighbourhood, as elsewhere, who had drifted, or were drifting, away from their orthodox friends and did not belong to any church, not because they were irreligious, but simply because, try as they might, they were unable to sub-

scribe and conform to the somewhat prickly and scholastic theology of the creeds. To such people they offered a religious home, where they could worship in sincerity and truth the God of their fathers. If he were asked what was required to fill their churches, his reply was, Work and Sympathy. Without work nothing could be done. Without sympathy they could not possibly get from one another the best that was in them. The future before the Liscard Church was a bright and promising one. They were happy in having secured a minister in whom they had the utmost confidence; and in a few months, thanks to the noble generosity of Mrs. Elam they would enter into the possession of a building, beautiful and suitable in every way for the good work they had to do. To fill that church Mr. Thomas, he was sure, would do his part; and they must do their part—they must work.

The Rev. R. A. ARMSTRONG said that he had taken part in many such welcome meetings, but never with more confident hope than on that occasion. He offered to Mr. Thomas, on behalf of their group of churches, a very cordial welcome into the general society of their Church and into the little circle of their ministers. They lived in a community distinguished above most for their conservatism and for the high savour of their orthodoxy, and there was a large proportion of the population that turned a somewhat cold shoulder to those of their way of thinking and worshipping. They were sorry for it, and particularly for those who felt so towards them, and they had to be ready very heartily to reciprocate whatever offers of sympathy they received. That night it was a great pleasure to them to have among them one of the most highly and justly respected ministers of the whole district, Mr. Gwyther, and another minister of the same Congregational body, whose presence they cordially welcomed.

Some of them remembered the very small beginnings of that congregation, and they could not but miss the face and voice of the one man who, perhaps more than any other, put life and strength and courage into the Unitarian movement in Liscard, and they rejoiced that so glorious a monument to his memory was to be erected as that church.

Then, turning to Mr. Thomas, he said that the life of the ministry was full of blessing to the man who took it and lived in it in the true spirit. Disappointments he would have, some undeserved, a good many deserved. But he would also have around him true friends, who would sympathise and help through the dark and the bright days, and the bonds would be drawn closer as the years wore on. He would have to minister both to the old and the young. Many of the old might be difficult to move, although some would be among his best and wisest helpers; but what they most wanted as ministers was the God-given gift of dealing with the young folk, making them really care, bending their hearts and souls towards true and precious things, making them care for the ideal life; and, in addition to that, making them care for the church and the assembly of worship, and the work and service which gathered around it.

One word he must say to the congregation. They must hold together whatever happened, and in a kindly spirit, sympathising and helping their minister—sympa-

thising when he said the wrong thing and did the wrong thing even more than when he did the right; for then most of all, when he had made a mistake, he would need all their sympathy and support. And they should let him have his own friends. A minister required his own special friends just as much as anyone else. And if they allowed it, he would be a better friend and pastor and preacher to every one of them.

In conclusion, he would read some lines addressed by an elder minister to a young man entering on the work. He did not know that they were good poetry, but they expressed some of the thoughts he had been trying to put before them:—

To God and Man, in spirit of the Christ,
My Son, now dost thou dedicate thy life,
To speak the truth, to think and know the truth,

So far as man's dim soul may know the truth,
To love the truth, and serve thy fellow-men.
And lo! around thee are the old and young,
The young all pliable in thought and life,
The old through long years moulded till they are

That which they are, which thou canst little change;

The young whom thou mayst by the Spirit's power

Shape to nobility and gladness in the truth,
The old whom thou mayst comfort and mayst wake

In them, though cold, some flame of purer love,

If they be warm and true, some livelier ray
Of love for all that throng about their feet.

Wrap thee in prayer, my Son, in prayer and love,

That through thy love and faith and reverence
Thou mayst bring service true to these and those.

And well, my Son, serve all; nor yet canst thou

With equal service serve them all, my Son.
For some thou shalt love well, yet others more,

And fullest service springs from fullest love.
Therefore, my Son, with steadfast ministry

Serve all as unto God and not to men;
And yet the ministry that draws its sap

From root most deeply plunged in soil of love
Will ever be the fullest ministry;

But ever from that fullest ministry,
So it be pure and true and wrought for God,

Will other service wrought for other folk
Grow fuller too, more pure and true and sweet.

Such is the law of service in God's world:
For love enriches all the powers of man.

The Rev. V. D. DAVIS spoke of the happiness it had been to him to be allowed to take part in the memorial act that evening, and also to be present at the welcome meeting. If anyone had a right to rejoice and to congratulate Mr. Thomas, he had, for he knew the people among whom Mr. Thomas was to work, and what the work was. He looked forward with great confidence, being sure that the future of their church was to be far larger and richer than the past, happy and full of blessing as that had been. To congregation and minister alike he wished God-speed.

The Rev. J. H. GWYTHYER said that he had been invited to speak in a representative capacity, but he could not do that; he had no right to speak for those from whom he had received no commission. But in his own person he would say how great a pleasure it was to him to be permitted to be there. While still conscious of the great and important differences which separated them theologically, which they also fully recognised, yet when he received their invitation, he could not stay away.

He wished to do honour to the memory of his dear friend Mr. Elam, whom he respected very highly for his firm and loyal adhesion to principle and his devotion to public duty. The whole parish owed to him a debt of gratitude for the work he had done. And he wished no less to show his sympathy with Mrs. Elam in what she was doing. It was a pleasure to him also to join in the welcome to their new minister, and he expressed the hope that he might enjoy the same opportunities of friendship and common work with Mr. Thomas, as he had done with Mr. Davis in the past. While he held no commission to speak on behalf of others, yet there were those for whom he might speak, who belonged to his own and other congregations, who recognised that in establishing that church the object was to exert a force on the side of truth, purity, honour, and righteousness, and to hold up before others that high ideal of which Mr. Armstrong had spoken. There were those who gave honour to their denomination for their work in the past, their protest on behalf of the individual conscience, their gathering from all quarters such teaching and help as God gave when they opened their hearts humbly and loyally to Him; and because they had stood on the side of the oppressed and down-trodden in the past and the present, and had protested against tyranny and cruelty all the world over. They recognised the services of such men as Dr. Martineau and Dr. Drummond and others to religious thought and truth. Therefore he offered for himself and on behalf of those for whom he had been speaking a cordial welcome to their new minister.

The Rev. W. E. THOMAS, as a fellow-countryman of Mr. Lloyd Thomas's, and as one who from what he had heard recently from friends in Wales, had high expectations of his ministry, added some hearty words of welcome, recognising that in coming amongst them Mr. Thomas would bring a new spiritual force into the district, which would make for the kingdom of God.

Mr. CHARLES W. JONES expressed his satisfaction that their new building was to be called the Liscard Unitarian Church. He confessed a great affection for that word Unitarian. It meant more and more to him as time went on for fifty years. His parents were Unitarians, and he soon discovered what the word meant. Those were days of strong and bitter controversy, such as the children of the present had no conception of. They were not calmly tolerated and left alone by their neighbours. The rector of their parish never left them alone; and so his father, who was a Unitarian minister, was obliged to be on the defensive, and to speak plainly and forcibly. He soon learnt what were the points in the orthodox creed which they did not believe, and also what Unitarianism gave them instead—their faith in the heavenly Father and in Christ. And as time went on he learnt how many other things the word Unitarian stood for—goodness, righteousness, faith, freedom. So they would understand why he held that name so dear, and why he rejoiced to see it attached to their new church. But they must bear in mind one very important principle that it covered: freedom, absolute freedom for minister and every member of the congregation, and they would take care that their trust-deed

preserved that freedom for those who came after them, so that a vote of the congregation and the expenditure of a few pennyworths' of paint might change the name to any other which future developments might show to be right. If he were to build a chapel, he should dedicate it "For the worship of God and the service of man." The latter clause he added, because the first by itself suggested too much a building only open for a few hours every Sunday and not used during the week. Sunday worship was their first object, and he wished more people availed themselves of it, for he was persuaded that no life could be lived well and satisfactorily without the help and stimulus of public worship. But although that was the aim, it should not be the end of congregational organisation; and he saw by the plans that they agreed with him, for there was provision for a lecture hall, which would be used during the week, and even for a kitchen, which was as it should be, to make their institution complete. On behalf of the laymen of Liverpool he joined in the welcome to Mr. Thomas.

The Rev. J. M. LLOYD THOMAS acknowledged with heartfelt gratitude the welcome extended to him. He felt that he was entering on his ministry under very happy conditions, with a congregation full of vitality, so soon to enter into possession of their church buildings, with so much helpful sympathy and with a welcome which he valued very sincerely from ministers of other denominations. He was thankful that they thus allowed him to recognise that Christ was not divided, that they were striving after the same ideals, however differently interpreted; but still they must remember that that mutual sympathy must not be a mere sympathy of indifference to the truth, but the true tolerance which in spite of very deep differences did not become bitter, but recognised a fundamental unity in the Spirit. He was sure they could respect each other most when they did not try to gloss over the differences of opinion, but recognised them, and strove with all their might to secure what they each felt to be the truth. They had their own truths, and must keep them in the fore-front of their march. He did not recognise that cant of tolerance which said that it did not matter what a man thought, that all good men were of the same family. It was true, provided they recognised that no man could be true unless he was honest and sincere in his opinions. To him the name Unitarian was dear. But if it was to mean something corresponding to anti-Trinitarian, if it meant hostility to the spirit shown by Mr. Gwyther and Mr. Thomas, then he would flatly decline to be called a Unitarian. But if it meant, what they knew it did mean, freedom from creeds, freedom to worship the Father in spirit and truth, not vague freedom, but with a content of intellectual truth, not the absence of individual creed, but the absence of formulated creed for all, then he knew of no system more glorious than that which they might call Unitarian.

What they all might understand was that whether they were Trinitarian or Unitarian, Catholic or Protestant, they were all fighting under the same banner, and one was their master, even Christ, and that they were his soldiers, and had enough to fight against without fighting between the various companies of the

army. In the fight against sin and selfishness, and the impurities of modern social life, they were comrades, though belonging to different companies. That sense of comradeship he was thankful to feel that night. In conclusion, he could only say that he would try his utmost faithfully to serve them, not as men-pleaser, but under the eye of the Taskmaster, and he hoped that the work they were engaged in might prosper and be not insignificant in manifesting the spirit of Christ in that district.

After an interval, Mr. W. P. HOUGHTON proposed, and Mr. J. E. RUDKIN seconded, a vote of thanks to the ladies who had arranged the entertainment, and the CHAIRMAN, on behalf of Mrs. Elam, thanked her friends for all the kind words they had spoken.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman, moved by Mr. S. WELLINGTON, brought the meeting to a close.

INDUCTION SERVICE.

On Sunday morning the induction of the Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas as minister of the congregation took place in the concert hall, the service being conducted by the Rev. Dr. Drummond, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. A large congregation took part in the service.

Taking for his text 2 Cor. iv. 5, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus as Lord; and ourselves as your servants for Jesus' sake," Dr. Drummond gave a beautiful and impressive address on the spirit and purpose of a minister's work, speaking of the secret aspiration which lay at the heart of all genuine labour for the kingdom of God, and especially of the vow of self-renunciation, without which preaching could never touch the conscience or turn the heart heavenward. The aim of the Christian preacher was not to gain reputation, but to vanquish sin, not to draw crowds to admire his rhetoric or subtle reasonings, but to augment the moral and spiritual forces of society, not to preach himself, but to efface himself, that the Divine Spirit might reach by an unperverted way the hearts of the hearers, and God alone be glorified in every soul. The constant appearance in public, the obligation to speak when they might wish to be silent, the conversion of the loving and spontaneous service of a brother man into the official duties of a recognised pastor made it difficult to preserve the simplicity of godliness. Only by faith and prayer could they be raised above self-will and keep the eye single.

The vision of God was to the pure in heart, and that belonged only to him who sought not his own will. Nothing could be more saddening to the wise listener than the self-sufficient declamation of a man who had never lost himself in God, but mistook his own shallowness and self-sufficiency for the measure of the universe. He who would most move and command in the spiritual kingdom was one whose utterances had become to his inmost conviction revelations of God, messages from the Spirit, which he himself reverently obeyed as the rule of eternal life and righteousness. To the man redeemed from the claims of self it was possible so to exhibit the truth that the form which was his own, and therefore more or less temporary and local, should be subordinated to the spiritual impression which might abide and become a revealing organ to the minds of others. Thus even in the domain of truth they must not preach

themselves, or make the spreading of their views the ultimate aim, but point men to a wisdom transcending the words of sages and prophets, and leave them to gaze for themselves with purified vision on the truth and righteousness of God.

But was that compatible with the second part of the text: "We preach Christ Jesus as Lord"? It seemed to him entirely so, for Paul had just said, "The Lord is the Spirit," and he everywhere conceived of Christ, not as one who imposed commands from without and exacted a mechanical obedience, but as dwelling as a perpetual inspiration in loving and faithful hearts. The whole aim of the Gospel was to create in men a peculiar quality of inward life, and accordingly while they found in the New Testament great principles of thought and conduct, there was no formal code of morals or system of theology. The gospels were admirably adapted to make a grand spiritual appeal to mankind. In place of the outside incidents of life, which often hid as much as they revealed the ideal and essential man, those who had eyes to see beheld a spiritual glory, flashes of eternal truth, depths of wisdom, and the tragedy of a soul divine and loving, that poured itself out to death that the reign of God might be established in men's hearts. Thus Christ remained a spiritual Lord, and if there was something of dimness and uncertainty in the features of the outward life, the grandeur of his spirit shone with a brightness exceeding the brightness of the sun.

Such a Lord they would preach, the inspirer of the great Christian movement, in which they claimed a place—the first-born among many brethren, the leader of the sons of God into liberty and light. Surely it was good to call men to the mightiest spiritual power the world had known, and not cast it off because it had been compelled to work through imperfect human means.

The ancient Stoic was able to recognise the Divine presence even in the meanest things, and when they saw in the face of Christ a glory as of another world, a righteousness and love so pure, so pitying, so persuasive, that their hearts trembled with faith and joy, and that vision abode with them as an unfading light of life, ought they not to see in it the glory of God, which the soul craved, and receiving found rest. Such recognition of the Divine in Christ, and in its due proportion in all who were Christ-like, was an essential element in the conquering power of Christianity. As a system of human teaching and the record of the struggles of a human soul it might be beautiful and edifying, but till it spoke to them in the name of God, manifesting His love, and they saw behind the veil of flesh a beauty, a sympathy, a pleading, which were all Divine, it could not rend the bonds of sin or turn despair into the joy of faith. It was well to see a man like themselves striving, suffering and conquering, but what they needed religiously was the vision of God, so clear and captivating as to rivet their gaze, that, dogged no more by the dark malignant shadow of self, they might see only the vision of His love, which could not leave them, which filled them with peace, because abandoning self their faith rested in Him alone, and they had the promise of a holiness which was to be. They might have to change the form in which those things once reached the human heart, but

they must beware lest in changing the form they lost the substance, and the power to feed men's souls with bread of life from heaven.

Such was the gospel to which their brother desired to dedicate his life. The grace of Christian service could not be imitated. Its power could flow only from the fountain of love and sympathy within. It was self-forgetful, and could not feel the sting of wounded pride or the offence of real or imaginary slights, for it was intent on higher things. It had the secret of Christian tact, which through breadth of sympathy knew what was in men, and used the knowledge only the more effectually to benefit them. It had the true manliness and independence, which consisted not in self-assertion but in loyalty to great principles. Real greatness was in such high disinterested service. In the Christian realm they ruled men by serving them. He who was crucified to the world ascended a heavenly throne, even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many. And lo, God had exalted him and given him a name which was above every name.

At the evening service the Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas entered upon his ministry after his induction and the formal welcome by the congregation. He preached from Luke ix. 6, "Let the dead bury their dead, but go thou and preach the kingdom of God," a sermon on the ideal and aims of the ministry, which we hope to give in full next week.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Thursday Morning.]

Bootle.—On Sunday, July 31, the deferred anniversary services of the Bootle Free Church drew good congregations. After five months' absence from duty, the Rev. H. W. Hawkes resumed work, preaching in the morning on "Looking Backward—Twenty-seven Years' Ministry," and in the evening on "The Ideal Church." The state of his voice will limit Mr. Hawkes' work, and it is probable that a co-pastor will be found to undertake part-duty for a few months. The usual Congregational picnic and Sunday-school treat have been successfully held. It is pleasant to add that during the five months without a minister the congregation held well together, many services being conducted by lay members of the church, while the Sunday-school increased in numbers.

London: Forest Gate.—At a special meeting of the congregation on Sunday evening the previous recommendation of the Committee as to the appointment of the Rev. H. W. Perris was unanimously confirmed, and Mr. Perris will enter on his ministry on Sunday, Oct. 2. At the same meeting the Secretary read a letter from the Rev. W. Holmshaw, acknowledging the gift from members of the congregation of a watch, bearing a suitable inscription, and a fountain pen; also thanking his friends for their good wishes in view of his new sphere of duty at Blackley.

London: Wood Green.—About a month since Dr. Mummery was cruelly robbed in Moorgate-street of a very handsome gold watch, which had been presented to him by his friends at Peckham in 1891. By the thoughtful kindness of some friends in the Wood Green congregation the stolen watch has now been replaced by another, almost its twin brother. The presentation was made to Dr. Mummery at a Committee Meeting on Friday week by the Chairman, Councillor Cowan, member of the Tottenham School Board.

Manchester: Upper Brook-street.—Our Scholars' Annual Camp has again been held at Great Hucklow, in Derbyshire, and about sixty teachers and scholars have had the pleasure of spending a full week together, roaming the lanes, visiting historic spots, and gathering the wild flowers of mid-Derbyshire. In addition to the

camping party, about thirty other teachers, parents, and friends visited the camp during the week.

Northumberland and Durham Lay Preachers' Union.—A special meeting was held at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Davies on Saturday last in order to give the members an opportunity of meeting the Rev. James C. Street, who has been officiating at the Church of Divine Unity, Newcastle, on the last two Sundays. A devotional service was conducted by Mr. S. Hulse, after which Mr. Street gave an inspiring address on "Our Work: its Opportunities and Privileges." A very profitable and enjoyable evening was spent.

Saffron Walden.—The sermon preached by the Rev. J. A. Brinkworth in the General Baptist Chapel in memory of Mr. Gladstone has since been printed, and also reproduced in the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, printed at Dayton, Ohio, U.S., said to be the oldest religious newspaper in the world. A copy of the sermon was sent to Mrs. Gladstone, who acknowledged it in a kind note, and enclosed the memorial card recording Mr. Gladstone's death and burial, with the text, Hebrews xiii. 7, his Latin translation of "Rock of Ages," and his own verses of 1842, expressive of the prayer and desire of his life.

Swinton (Appointment).—The Rev. W. E. George, M.A., has received and accepted a unanimous invitation to the pulpit of the Free Church, and will enter on his ministry on the last Sunday in September.

Weymouth.—The Rev. E. C. Bennett, concluded his ministry here on Sunday last, August 7, preaching in the morning on "The Unsectarian God," and in the evening on "The Resources of Unitarianism." There were good congregations, the room being full in the evening. Friends were encouraged by the presence of a goodly number of visitors from London and other places. At the close of the morning service Mr. Rogers, on behalf of the congregation, presented Mr. Bennett with a purse containing £6 2s. as a slight token of their appreciation of his character and services, and after the last hymn had been sung at the evening service Mr. A. Dennis rose, and in the name of the members wished Mr. Bennett an affectionate farewell, speaking in the most cordial terms of the ability, faithfulness and manliness, with which he had fulfilled his duties during his residence in Weymouth, and wishing him and his family God-speed. On the remaining Sundays during August the services will be conducted by Rev. H. Woods Perris. We are asked to state that the Secretary cannot undertake to reply to letters *re* the vacancy—other than those coming through the officials of the Southern Unitarian Association, or the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, to whom the circumstances and requirements are fully known.

Yarmouth.—On Sunday week the Rev. W. Rodger Smith preached in the Old Meeting a sermon on "A Handful of Grass," which is reported in the *Yarmouth Independent*. On the following Sunday evening his subject was "The Birds of the Air."

COUNTRY AIR FOR WEAK AND AILING CHILDREN.—Miss A. Lawrence, 75, Lancaster-gate, London, W., begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, receipt for this fund of the following sums:—Miss Garrett, £1; Anon., 2s.; J. M. C., £1; a Friend, £10.

A LADY wishes to meet with a RE-ENGAGEMENT as COMPANION.—Address, Miss H. DONSON, c/o Mrs. Charles W. Jones, Field House, Wavertree, W. Liverpool.

CORONATION OF QUEEN OF HOLLAND.—Select inclusive CHEAP TRIPS, starting from Great Britain to Switzerland August 15th, and to Holland August 27th.—Madame ALBITES, 76, Beaufort-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

LADY offers happy country HOME to one or two YOUNG CHILDREN. Terms moderate; excellent references given.—Mrs. HALLETT, Upton Grey, Winchfield, Hants.

ST. LEONARDS.—"Haselmere," Warrior-square. Comfortable well-furnished APARTMENTS. Good cooking and attendance.—Mrs. HERRIOTT.

MUSIC.—WANTED, in September, by YOUNG LADY, late student of Royal College, post as MUSIC MISTRESS in school. Violin (advanced), Piano, and Harmony. Terms moderate. Address—"C," "Shirley," Cavendish-road, Sutton, Surrey.

OUR CALENDAR.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 14.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday afternoon.

Bermondsey, Fort-road, Upper Grange-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. HAROLD RYLETT.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. HERBERT RIX.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-rd., West Croydon, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.
 Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting-hill-gate, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. E. I. FRIPP.
 Forest-gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Mr. J. W. BROWN.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. S. FLETCHER WILLIAMS.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. T. W. FRECKELTON.
 Highgate Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. R. SPEARS.
 Islington, Unity Church Upper-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. E. CAPLETON.
 Kentish Town, Free Christian Church, Clarence-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., ARMYTAGE BAKEWELL.
 Morning, "What is Courage?" Evening, "What is Love?"
 Kilburn, Quex-road. Closed. Re-open Aug. 28th.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. C. POPE.
 Little Portland-street Chapel, near Oxford-circus, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. G. CADMAN.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Mr. J. G. SLIPPER.
 Richmond Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M.; 3 P.M., Service for Children, Rev. S. FARRINGTON.
 Stepney-Green, College Chapel, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. LUCKING TAVENER.
 Stoke Newington, The Green, 11.15 A.M., Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.
 Wandsworth, Unitarian Christian Church, East-hill, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
 Wood Green, Unity Hall, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. Dr. MUMMERY.
 Woolwich, Masonic Hall, Anglesey road, Plumstead, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.

PROVINCIAL.

BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. F. W. STANLEY.
 BEDFORD, Library (side room), 6.30 P.M., Rev. ROWLAND HILL.
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah. Closed.
 BLACKPOOL, Bank-street, North Shore, 10.45 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. BINNS.
 BLACKPOOL, Unitarian Lay Church, Masonic Hall, Waterloo-road, South Shore, 6.30 P.M.
 BOOTLE, Free Church Hall, Stanley-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. H. W. HAWKES.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West-hill-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. C. C. COE.
 BRIGHTON, Christ Church (Free Christian), New-road, North-st., 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. FELIX TAYLOR.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. GEORGE STREET.
 CANTERBURY, Blackfriars, 11 A.M., J. REMINGTON WILSON, M.A.
 DEAL and WALMER, Free Christian Church, High-st., 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. S. BURROWS.
 EASTBOURNE, Lismore-road, Terminus-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. M. GODFREY.
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. J. A. FALLOWS, M.A.
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. A. W. TIMMIS, of Stourbridge.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. R. A. ARMSTRONG, B.A.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. J. JUPP. Communion after Morning Service.
 LIVERPOOL, Renshaw-street Chapel. Closed until Sept. 4th.
 MANCHESTER, Sale, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. JAMES FORREST, M.A.
 MANCHESTER, Strangeways 10.30 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.
 MARGATE, Forester's Hall (Side Entrance), Union-crescent, 11 A.M., Rev. W. BIRKS.

OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30 A.M., Rev. J. E. ODGERS, M.A.
 PORTSMOUTH, General Baptist Chapel, St. Thomas-street, 6.45 P.M., Mr. THOMAS BOND.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.45 P.M., Mr. G. COSENS PRIOR.
 RAMSGATE, Assembly Rooms, High-street, 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. BIRKS.
 READING, Unitarian Free Church, London-road, 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. E. A. VOYSEY.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. E. L. H. THOMAS, B.A.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Mechanics' Institute, Dudley-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.
 WEYMOUTH, Oddfellows' Hall, Market-street, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. E. C. BENNETT.
 YORK, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. WALTER LLOYD.

CAPE TOWN, Free Protestant Unitarian Church, Hout-street, 6.30 P.M., Rev. R. BALMFORTH.

BIRTHS.

BARRON—On August 10th, at 5, Broadpark Terrace, Whitechurch, Tavistock, the wife of the Rev. John Barron, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BARNARD—MARLES-THOMAS.—On the 10th August, at Platt Chapel, Manchester, by the Rev. J. C. Street, of Shrewsbury, assisted by the Rev. S. H. Street, of Manchester, Adam Sedgwick, third son of Major Barnard, Leckhampton, near Cheltenham, to Muriel, youngest daughter of the late Rev. William Marles-Thomas, M.A. (Gwilym Marles), of Llynrhadowen, Cardiganshire.

LEONARD—FAGG—On the 29th July, Robert Maynard Leonard, of 28, Great Ormond-street, London, only son of the late Rev. H. C. Leonard, M.A., of Clifton, to Amy, eldest daughter of Edward Fagg, of Streatham Hill.

DEATHS.

HARRY—On the 7th August, at Moulsham, Chelmsford, Percival John, the much-loved youngest son of E. John and Ellen Harry, aged 27.

HEYS—On the 29th ult., Mary Hannah, wife of Fred Channing Heys, of Longsight, Manchester, aged 32 years. Interred Brookfield Church, Gorton.

PRICE—On Aug. 7, at 48, West-street, Horsham, Sidney Price, aged 77 years, deeply lamented.

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